

HUSTLER

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JUNE 1983 \$3.50

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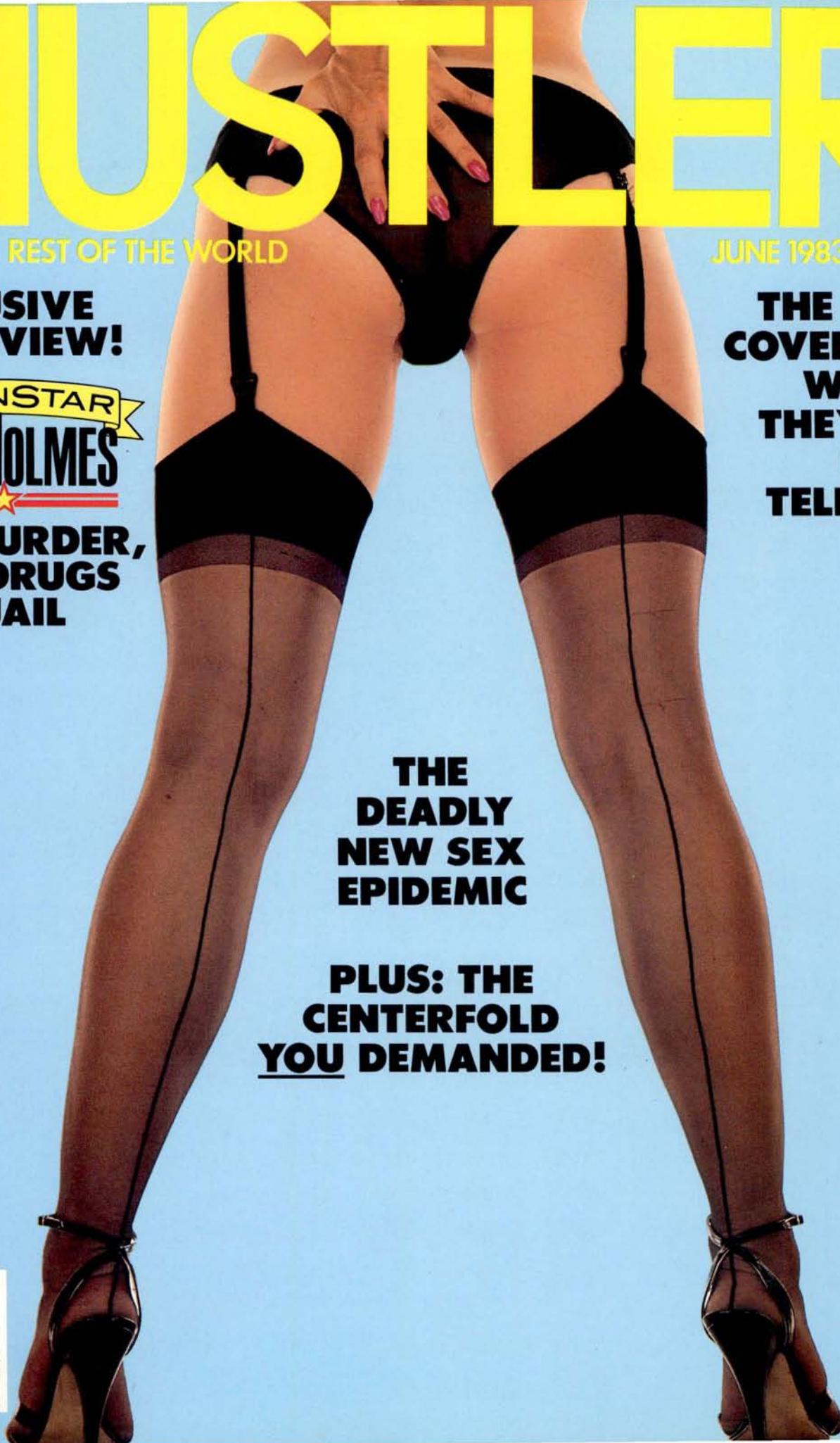
**PORNSTAR
JOHN HOLMES**

**ON MURDER,
SEX, DRUGS
AND JAIL**

**THE UFO
COVERUP:
WHAT
THEY'RE
NOT
TELLING
US**

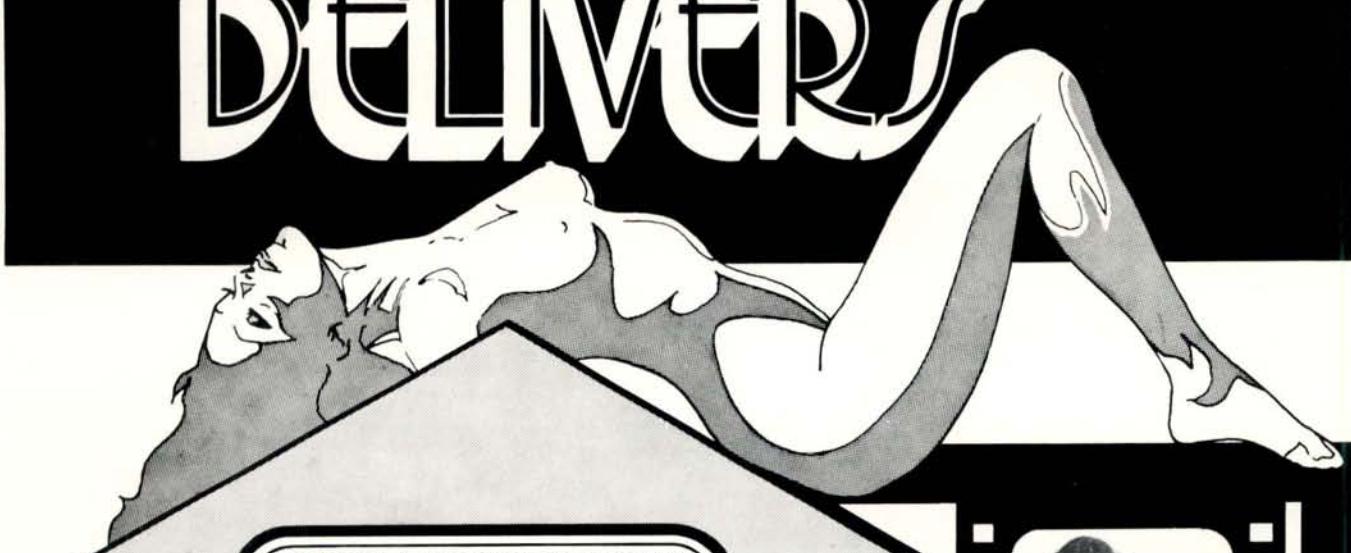
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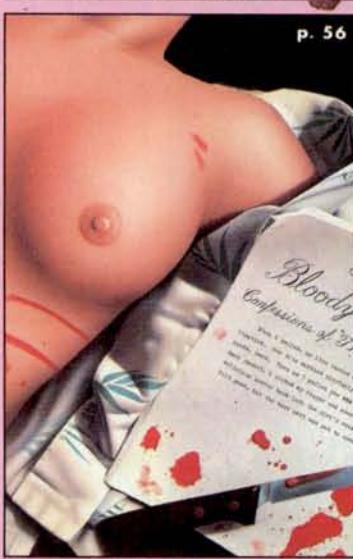
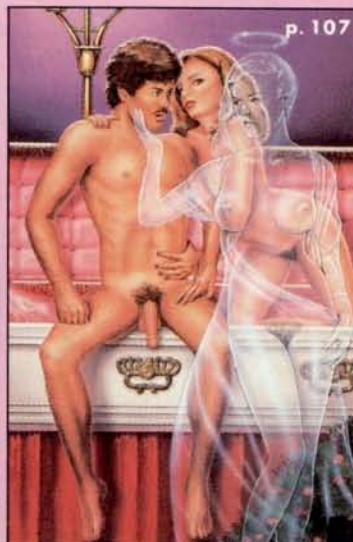
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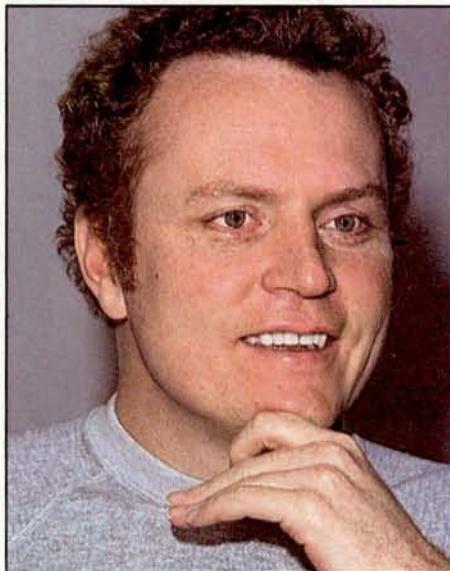
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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



HUSTLER—One Step Ahead

I'm not just the Publisher of HUSTLER Magazine. I'm also its most avid reader. I've found that the best way to make sure that HUSTLER delivers what its readers want is for me to put myself in their place. And what I look for more than anything else in the editorial content of the magazine is something *new*. I don't want to read a rehash of yesterday's news. I want to know what tomorrow's news will be.

HUSTLER's track record for printing what others don't have the guts to print is well-known. But our writers, researchers and editors also work hard to bring you the stories that others will *eventually* get around to running. That's one big reason why HUSTLER is a *newsmaker* rather than just a news repeater. What other media are headlining today, HUSTLER published years ago.

A classic example is the subject of child abuse. It was not just as a publisher but also as a concerned parent that I published an extremely shocking article on that issue back in 1977. A lot of supposedly "responsible" people didn't want to hear about such a disturbing subject, and at the time, they branded this landmark report "exploitive."

Now, six years later, hardly a day goes by without some newspaper or magazine dealing with child abuse. In just the last few months, I've noticed at least one of our major competitors addressing this national tragedy. I can't help wondering how much suffering could have been avoided if others had pitched in earlier.

That holds true for many of the topics you've read about first in HUSTLER. El Salvador (July 1981) and Agent Orange (October 1981) are two examples that jump to mind. Now, I'm certainly not saying that our articles by themselves created the concern over these two issues. But I do know that HUSTLER readers knew the score long before they became daily headlines.

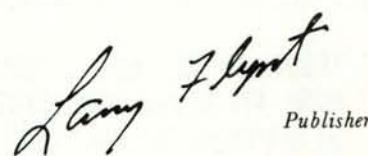
There are so many examples, it's hard to know where to be-

gin. If the news about the recent investigation of the possible murder of Marilyn Monroe sounds familiar, that's because HUSTLER printed the evidence three years ago. When independent-trucker leader Mike Parkhurst became a front-page figure during the nationwide strike this year, HUSTLER readers already knew him well. He was the subject of an in-depth profile in April 1980.

Of course, it goes without saying that HUSTLER is far ahead of the rest of the world when it comes to sex. I'm not just talking about the pioneering pink-shots or the more-memorable centerfolds. I'm talking about vital *information* that we've printed first as a matter of *duty*. That's why, for example, we were the first general-circulation magazine to unveil the G spot (January 1980) and its role in female orgasm long before the recent flood of books on the subject.

This policy of being ahead of the news continues right up to the current, June 1983 issue. The time for an overview of porn star John Holmes' life was *last year*, when his alleged involvement with drugs and murder was first unfolding. Now it's time for you to get the untold story *in his own words*. This month's exclusive HUSTLER interview with Holmes marks the end of his long silence. I guarantee that what you read here will be quoted elsewhere in the future.

I wouldn't even consider letting HUSTLER go to press if the editorial content didn't stimulate me. And I know you wouldn't buy the magazine if it bored you. That's why HUSTLER will continue to go out on the edge to keep you well ahead of the headlines.



Larry Flynt
Publisher

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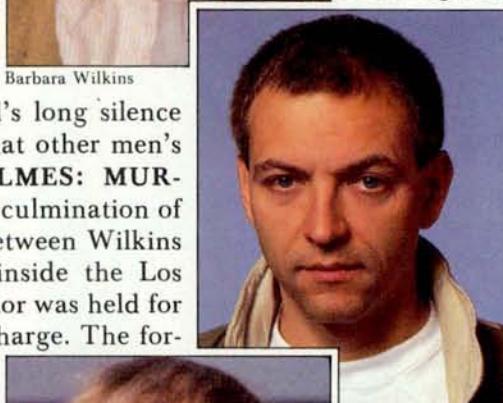
Ever since four of his acquaintances were brutally murdered at a home in Hollywood, California, in July 1981, adult-film king John Holmes has been shrouded in mystery. For two years Holmes—who was charged with the grisly crime and acquitted—steadfastly avoided the press, refusing to talk about the killings or about his helter-skelter life in porn's fastest lane.

Now HUSTLER reporter **BARBARA WILKINS** has managed to crack this modern X-rated legend's long silence and get the exclusive interview that other men's magazines couldn't. **JOHN HOLMES: MURDER, SEX, DRUGS & JAIL** is the culmination of several months of conversations between Wilkins and Holmes, mainly conducted inside the Los Angeles County Jail, where the actor was held for 110 days on a contempt-of-court charge. The former L.A. bureau chief for *People* magazine, Wilkins has reported on such notables as Henry Kissinger, Warren Beatty, Natalie Wood and Ronald Reagan. Her work has also been published in *Time*, *Saturday Review* and *Cosmopolitan*, as well as in a number of international publications. In the accompanying photos the capable eye of HUSTLER staff photographer **LADI VON JANSKY** captured the glowing look of a free man.

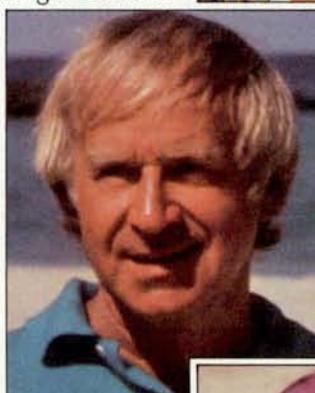
Although investigative journalist **BRUCE HENDERSON** had long been fascinated by the existence of UFOs, he remained unconvinced . . . until he had his own close encounter. "I was aboard the aircraft carrier USS *Ranger* when it happened," recalls Henderson. "I saw something even *my* scientific, rational mind couldn't explain. That experience inspired me to become even more curious about unidentified flying objects." In **THE UFO COVERUP: WHAT THE GOVERNMENT WON'T TELL YOU**, Henderson uncovers startling evidence that proves America's military and intelligence agencies have been suppressing *verified* encounters with UFOs. Henderson, a regular contributor to HUSTLER, has also written for *Esquire*, *Los Angeles* magazine and *Reader's Digest*. The com-



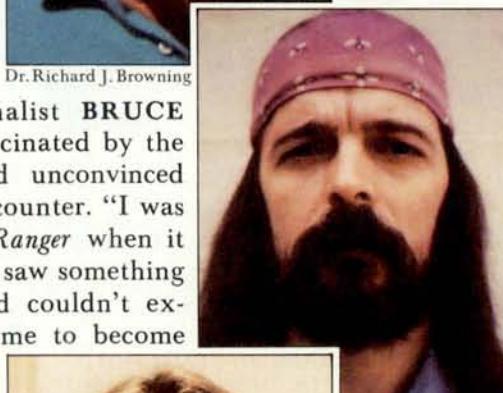
Barbara Wilkins



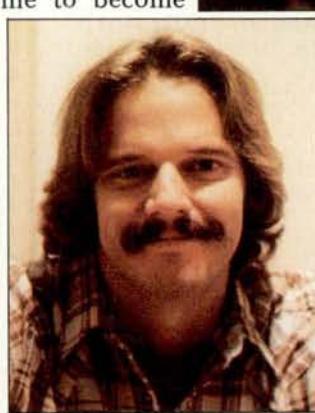
Ladi von Jansky



Dr. Richard J. Browning



B. Gordon Wheeler



Pat Dunn

panion artwork is by veteran **DAVID MANN**.

Besides the unexplained secrets of outer space, there are mysteries right here on Earth that demand scientific investigation. In this month's *Sex Play*, **A.I.D.S.—THE NEW SEX EPIDEMIC**, **DR. RICHARD J. BROWNING** discusses the country's newest and deadliest socially transmitted disease. Says Browning: "Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome interested me immediately when the story broke in December 1981 in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. I have followed it closely since then, and have treated a number of patients with this immune deficiency. It is the most fascinating disease to come along in years, and I believe that people deserve to know more about it." Dr. Browning is an accomplished physician and author with a long list of articles and papers published in journals, magazines and newspapers over the past two decades. For the illustration we called on a first-time HUSTLER contributor, **MIGUEL CASTILLO**.

Many times the fiction we publish is inspired by real-life occurrences. Such is the case with this month's story, **THE BLOODY BLADE**, written by **B. GORDON WHEELER**. This tale of a psychopath's reign of terror in a seaside town came from the mind of a man who's seen more than his share of death and violence. "The part about scalping the victim's pubic hair was based on an actual crime—one that happened in the South Bay area of California a few years ago," says Wheeler. "That incident put one guy on Death Row and another into the cell next to mine." Wheeler's writing credits include a story for our sister publication *GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION* and a western novel published in 1979 titled *The Rebel Cowboy*. The illustration for *The Bloody Blade* is by another HUSTLER regular, **PAT DUNN**.

And of course, as always, our staff of skilled photographers and studio technicians worked long hours to come up with our latest collection of sizzling erotic photography. It's guaranteed to start your summer off hot.

No doubt about it—the June issue of HUSTLER Magazine will give you a jump on the rest of the world, keeping you aware of what's going on out (and up) there! ☺

How To Read Any Girl's Mind

Truly incredible! Finally, crash the barrier to genuine person-to-person thought communication as you never could before. All alone, with no tricks, perform the fantastic feat that defies explanation:

Actually visualize ideas, images, and words from any girl's mind right in your own head—as if you were reading the pages of a book!

Forget about distance! That girl can be in the same room with you, on the telephone with you, or completely out of sight across the country. You can still do it. Accept my "free-trial" proposal—and I'll prove it to you!

I know exactly what you are thinking right now.

You believe that it is absolutely impossible. That you cannot read any girl's mind. From miles away? *Never!*

You have every right to be unconvinced. "Mind-reading" is usually a stunt performed on TV or in a club. While it's great entertainment—it's still an out and out fake. Certainly not the *real* thing.

The real thing—for use in real life—is what I'm talking about. Like you, I deeply doubted that it could ever be done "off-stage." Especially by the *average* person.

THIS REVOLUTIONARY TECHNIQUE TURNS FANTASY INTO SHEER REALITY!

Then something converted me from a die-hard cynic into a fervent believer: *The "Mind-Read" Manuscript* crossed my desk.

It caught my eye at once. I had heard about the author—a highly-gifted psychic famous for pioneering in the field of ESP.

His manuscript stunned me. Any skepticism I ever had about the possibility of male-to-female mind communication went flying out the window.

Here it was in simple language anyone could understand. The *break-through* technique to read any girl's mind. Anytime. Anywhere. *At will!*

IMAGINE HAVING SECRET, INSTANT ACCESS TO A GIRL'S HIDDEN THOUGHTS!

This technique is so powerful that it might even be illegal! Used properly, it gives immediate entry into the most beautiful girl's mind—even if she is a perfect stranger.

Like it or not, she would come under your direct personal domination. You would know exactly what she was thinking at any given time. No one, not even the cleverest, poker-faced female, could hide a thing from you. Others might be fooled by her sweet words. *But not you!*

You would be able to read her inner-most thoughts. As clearly as if you were looking at the



pages of a book set in type one inch high. Without her ever knowing. *Unless you, yourself, told her!*

Dealing with her would be pure pleasure. Imagine knowing in advance just what to expect from your date, mate, lover, or new-found friend. No more guesswork. No more wasted time. No more frustration. *For once, you are the boss!*

EVEN IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, YOU RISK NOTHING TO TRY IT!

If you still insist that "it's impossible", consider this: Have you ever said something to a girl only to have her reply, "Funny, I was just thinking the very same thing!"

Coincidence? Maybe. Or perhaps you unconsciously used the technique without even being aware of it. Now you can consciously read her mind because you will know:

- The first key to true mind-reading.
- 4 ways to achieve crystal-clear reception.
- Why an angry girl's mind is wide-open.
- How to verify any girl's thoughts.
- How to overcome time and space limitations.
- How to master the technique automatically.

No special experience or education is necessary. That's what makes it so easy to learn and so *workable*. Accept my "free-trial" offer and see for yourself!

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The Bride: Your April issue was particularly interesting, especially for its fascinating articles. Your blond cover-girl and centerfold, *Jeanette: Here Comes the Bride*, had to be the best pictorial of them all. That was a very original idea, and I'm sure it hit home with many a lonesome heart. Clive McLean's photography was some of the most erotic I've seen yet. Thanks again for such fine pictorials.

—Blair Frank
Deerfield Beach, Florida

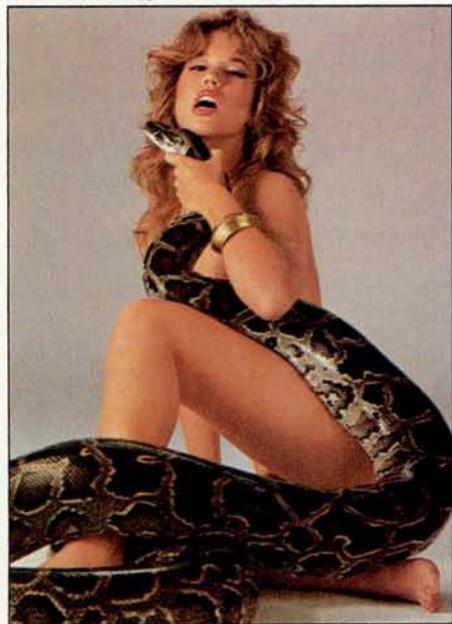
Snake Charmer: After picking up the April issue, I decided to become a lifetime HUSTLER reader. What prompted me to make that decision was the pictorial *Shana: Snake Charmer*, photographed by Clive McLean.

I own four boas and have studied their behavior for three years. Those pictures of sensuous Shana and her beautiful boa drove me nuts! And there were 11 photos! I have to say you've outdone yourself! It seems that every month, HUSTLER just gets better and better.

Shana makes you wonder about what the biblical Eve and the serpent did out there in the Garden of Eden before he gave her the apple. Maybe the apple was a payoff for Eve's surrendering her cherry!

—Kyle Rothgeb
Red Bank, New Jersey

When I saw your pictorial *Shana: Snake Charmer* in the April issue, I almost came in my pants! Shana's the most perfect vision I've ever seen. That lovely hair, sensuous mouth, perky tits, cute little ass and lovely red-haired moppie leave nothing to be desired.



Shana: Snake Charmer



The photography was excellent and, with that blank background, there was nothing to draw one's attention away from that gorgeous creature. I wish I were that snake! I'd die happy.

I'm renewing my subscription for another three years. Keep up the good work.

—W. R. Wilson
Patton, Pennsylvania

Rank Observation: As an ex-Marine who served mostly on naval bases, I really dug your March pictorial *Naval Maneuvers*. I especially enjoyed the beautiful young third-class yeoman who was mistakenly described as an ensign. Her charms were innocent yet thoroughly enticing.

It all reminded me of a saying we jarheads used to have: "Join the Marines and ride the WAVES!"

—Steve Thompson
Urbana, Ohio

I was very turned-on by your March pictorial *Naval Maneuvers*. As a sailor myself, I find it very intriguing to even fantasize that that sort of behavior might occur. I would really love to walk in on those two cunts.

I was really going good with that layout one night when I noticed something very wrong. When I discovered what it was, I found myself getting limp. Those two hot and horny ladies weren't officers!

It was an excellent pictorial, but you should have given them the right ranks.

—A. B.
North Carolina

As men in the United States Navy, my roommates and I would like to clear up a mistake you made in your fantas-

tic pictorial *Naval Maneuvers* (March).

In that layout you featured a beautiful "ensign" and a gorgeous "lieutenant." The only problem is, the ensign was wearing a third-class rating badge, and the lieutenant was wearing a first-class badge. These are the ratings of enlisted personnel, not officers.

We know this is trivial, because the female beauty far outweighs the discrepancy. Please take this correction in stride, and keep those fine women coming our way.

—The Boys in Room 214
U.S. Naval Air Station,
Millington, Tennessee

We received many, many letters about this oversight from sharp-eyed readers. Guess our editors' eyes were on something besides the young ladies' badges.

Proud Beaver: I'd like to share some of the "feedback" I got after my photo appeared in your March *Beaver Hunt*. I was very excited to see my picture there . . . until people at work started spreading some false rumors.

Instead of being complimented on the photo's tastefulness, I started hearing talk that I'd been forced to pose at gunpoint. Someone even said that my appearance in *Beaver Hunt* meant I might be fired.

I just want those assholes to know



Beaver Hunt Entrant Debbie

that I won't give in to their bluenosed attitudes. I'm glad I got a chance at my ultimate fantasy. They probably wish they could say the same.

The one good thing that has come out of this is that about 50 people

were turned on to HUSTLER for the first time.

—Debbie

Louisville, Kentucky

Maternity Row: I am writing in response to John N. Hine and the "many other HUSTLER readers" he claimed to speak for in his March *Feedback* letter criticizing your pregnant centerfold, *Marlene: Special Delivery* (December 1982). Pregnancy is not "grotesque," nor is showing it in all its glory in "bad taste."

Marlene is a very beautiful woman who is obviously happy about having a baby. In most cases, pregnancy is the result of an expression of love, caring, shared responsibility and a commitment between two people to each other and to the life of their unborn child. It's also a blessing.

Your magazine is honest and reflects life. Pregnancy is a part of life. It's a shame that some people can't accept that. I feel sorry for them.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Photo Suggestions: I consistently enjoy your magazine's unabashed pictorials and articles. Yet I can't help but wish that you'd print some photos of women with unshaved armpits. This is a natural turn-on for me, and I think there

must be other readers who share my enthusiasm. I'm surprised that you haven't featured such a layout yet. You printed a Gypsy pictorial not long ago, but even the women in that one didn't have hairy armpits, as one might have expected. A little more naturalism, please, for those of us who enjoy the "unshaved" female form.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

We've been reading HUSTLER for eight months now, and we've got just one complaint. Your pictorials often show the girls holding their tits or spreading their cunts open, maybe putting in one of their fingers. While I'm sure the men like it, you're not giving your women readers equal turn-on value! When you show a guy's cock, it's hanging there like a wet noodle. So come on, show us girls something—at least the pricks could be semi-erect. We girls like your magazine, but we'd like it even better if we could see some hard cock.

—Donna, Jan and Betty
Neenah, Wisconsin

My compliments on a fine March issue. What keeps me coming back for more are the beautiful women like *Elizabeth: Period Piece*, who was breathtakingly photographed by Clive McLean. Not only does Elizabeth have a gor-

geous face, but her tits are perfect, her ass just jumps off the page and begs to be fucked, and her pussy is the kind you could eat and suck on for hours.

Why not feature Elizabeth with another woman? The girl/girl pictorial *Naval Maneuvers*, also in the March issue, was incredible. Now, that would be a real cock-raiser!

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

We've sent these ideas along to our Photo Department. Stay tuned for developments.

Buy American? I read your March *Publisher's Statement*, "Buy American," and would like to comment. However much I'd like to help my country, I refuse to buy products that are built without pride in workmanship—products that in general are built to fall apart. Most American manufacturers are putting profit before quality, thus creating wares of questionable value. All that does is create waste, and that kind of thinking has got to stop.

I think Althea Flynt has done a fine job as Publisher, but I must admit I'm glad that Larry's back! HUSTLER is the finest magazine published today—one of the few I read and the only one I read every month.

—Louis Biro

Hollywood, California

Asshole: I usually don't write to magazines, but I just had to comment on your April *Asshole of the Month*, David Thorstad of the North American Man-Boy Love Association.

As the mother of two young boys, I'm really pissed that some sadistic asshole can even suggest that young boys need to be sexually violated to learn about sex. Young boys don't even know what sex is all about yet!

Thorstad and NAMBLA make me want to puke. I could care less what those fuckers do to each other. But leave my boys out of it!

—Name Withheld by Request
Huntingdon, Pennsylvania

Dead Issue: I was disappointed by Lee Quarnstrom's profile *The Girl Who Had Sex With the Dead*, in your April issue. I've read other necrophilia stories, and they were very erotic in nature. One of them described a morgue attendant ravishing the body of a beautiful young woman. Together with your fine art work, a story like that would be hard to beat.

—John Turner
Wichita, Kansas

The story you refer to was not meant to be erotic. It was a shocking and disturbing true account of a young women with an uncontrollable obsession.



"I ain't shavin' my beard, woman; so you better shave yo' pussy!"

HUSTLER UNTIES THE "NOTS"

Someone is always trying to tell us what not to do. We're not supposed to be so irreverent; we're not supposed to expose governmental scandals or international atrocities; and we're NOT supposed to reveal so much about human sexuality. But there's only one thing we're not going to do . . . we're not going to change. That's why you shouldn't miss even one issue of HUSTLER. You never know when we'll untie the "not" that lets you loose. Subscribe today.



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No Poverty? Bob Allen's *Impoverished Americans: A Firsthand Report* enraged me so much that I couldn't even finish the March issue. As one who was raised in a small town in Virginia, I want you to know that the residents of Appalachia are *not* impoverished, ignorant, illiterate or pitiful. We don't deserve the stigma that articles like this encourage, and it's time Americans faced the truth.

My father worked in the coal mines all his life. I was raised in one of those small coal camps, but our house was not made of old boards held together by love. It was built of basic brick, with eight rooms, including a complete bath with running water. Guess what?—we even had a septic tank!

Okay, so there are many impoverished people in Appalachia. But no more so than in "wonderful" New York or in industrially developed Detroit.

I hope that your Mr. Allen will go back to Appalachia and take a second, more-realistic look. —Kianna Howard
Myrtle Beach, South Carolina

I object to only one statement in your March report *Impoverished Americans*. Bob Allen wrote that "as much as 80% of the [Appalachian] population lives in mobile homes." I don't question the accuracy of that statement, only the context in which it's used to suggest that

mobile-home dwelling is a definite sign of poverty!

Have you priced a mobile home lately? Some of them are as expensive and as luxurious as penthouse apartments. More-modest ones are comfortable and attractive too.

Aside from the negative reference to a great form of alternative housing, I was impressed with your coverage of Appalachia's poverty. It's time someone peeked under the carpet where this tragically unresolved problem has been swept!

—Amy Rockwell
Harmony, Pennsylvania

Germ Warfare: As a mother of three children, I want to thank you for Ben Pesta's article *Chemical and Germ Warfare: Are We Prepared?*, in the February issue.

I was surprised and shocked to learn of the many accidents that have already occurred with lethal gases, and what the government plans for the future. Don't we already have enough weapons of destruction without spending more millions on this sort of thing?

I am concerned about the kind of world we are making for our children. Since reading your article, I have written my congressman, asking for a halt to this little-publicized madness. —L. G. Encino, California

I would like to respond to your somewhat-hysterical article *Chemical and Germ Warfare*, in your February issue. Contrary to what author Ben Pesta wrote, chemical weapons are vital to modern-day warfare. Their primary usefulness is to degrade the fighting capability of opposing troops by forcing them to wear their cumbersome protective gear. Gas can pave the way for armored assault, deny use of equipment and stores by contamination, and force enemy troops to retreat when they need to do work not permitted by protective gear.

The article said that gas warfare is inhumane. Well, guys, *war* is inhumane. If I'm going to have to fight in that miserable shit when Russia and the U.S. come to blows, I want to be able to *give* as good as we *get*. Our troops don't need another disadvantage because some hypocritical civilians think war gases aren't needed.

—Name Withheld by Request
U.S. Air Force
West Germany

Men and Abortion: John Tido's *Sex Play* "Men and Abortion" (January) was extremely interesting. I think, however, that Tido omitted two important reasons why men get so upset when their partners have an abortion. First, some males are terribly hurt that their lover is rejecting *their* baby. And second, it's easy for men to be idealistic about opposing abortion, since traditionally they don't have to do the work of raising the child.

Because men get so upset, I've never told my partners about my abortions. This has meant taking all the responsibility upon myself, which I can tell you is quite a burden for a woman.

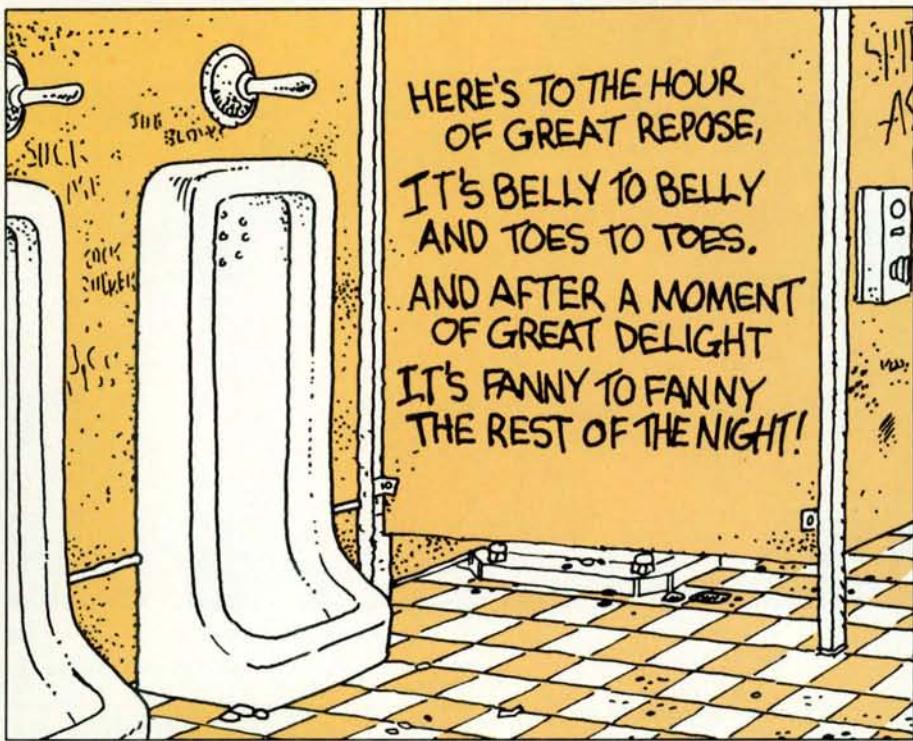
—Tuppy Owens
London, England

Grandma Beavers: I've just discovered two lovely grandmothers in *Beaver Hunt*. J. B. S. appeared in HUSTLER's April issue, while Patricia Collar was shown in BEAVER HUNT VOLUME FOUR. I think these over-40 ladies are great additions.

I showed the photos of these women to my prudish wife (who's past 40 and a grandma herself), and even she said they were attractive. Then, after three years of my pleading, she agreed to let me photograph her nude. She'll let me send the photo in providing you establish a special over-40 page in *Beaver Hunt*. How about it? —Name and Address Withheld by Request

Beaver Hunt is a feature for every age group. Tell your wife we'd love to check out her entry too. 

GRAFFILTHY



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World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

Cold breakfast cereals were first introduced as a means of preventing childhood masturbation. That's right. According to a recent report in "Medical Self-Care," Sylvester Graham began serving whole-wheat Graham bread and cold cereals to children in his boardinghouses in the early 1800s because he believed these foods would cool sexual urges. And in 1876 John Harvey Kellogg, a Seventh-Day Adventist, began making the first in a line of cold cereals to keep children from the sin of "self-pollution," or masturbating.

Transvestites in Sao Paulo, Brazil, looking for more voluptuous figures, injected themselves with a mixture of industrial silicone and laxatives, killing eight of them and deforming another 30. One died of cardiac arrest when he injected two pints of the stuff into his buttocks. Alberto Carota, a fourth-year engineering student, was arrested for selling the fatal mixture to the transvestites.

A six-foot, 210-pound rapist was beaten to a bloody pulp by three old men after he tried to rape and rob a 72-year-old woman. The three, all in their 60s, heard a scuffle in the woman's apartment and investigated. They jumped the assailant and beat him until police arrived. During the struggle the attacker was hit repeatedly with a hammer, held in a headlock and stabbed with a penknife by the senior citizens. When police arrived, the man was pleading for help.

An eight-year-old girl in Huntington, West Virginia, got a surprise crash course in sex education when she opened a box of Cracker Jacks. The little girl's grandmother said that when the child reached in to pull out her Cracker Jack toy, she found instead a pamphlet titled "Erotic Sexual Positions From Around the World." "Her eyes got real big," the grandmother said. "She thought it was an exercise book." Company spokesmen say the switch was the work of pranksters with a "sick sense of humor."

A 200-pound San Jose, California, woman accused of crushing her son to death by sitting on him is suing the counseling facility that recommended the "disciplinary technique" to her. Betty Mentry, whose nine-year-old son died after she sat on him for more than two hours, claimed the Alum Rock Communications Center should have known that the punishment could result in injury.

In Dayton, Ohio, a 19-year-old woman has filed a \$1-million lawsuit against a local sorority chapter, claiming that it refused to crown her Miss Deb because she is retarded. Tajauna Tims alleges that the Delta Sigma Theta sorority promised the honor to the woman selling the most ads for the debutante ball's souvenir book. Tims sold the most by far--\$3,285 worth.

The National Marriage Guidance Council of Great Britain intends to delete some of the explanatory diagrams from its sex-advice books because of complaints from couples. Apparently, the illustrations are too good. According to a council spokesman: "People are often left feeling inadequate by the diagrams. They can't perform some of the illustrated positions because they are too fat."

A South African railway worker accused of strangling his girlfriend in his sleep was found innocent of murder by a Johannesburg court. He testified that during the attack he was dreaming he was having an argument with his wife.

An airport security guard for a South American airline got the surprise of his life when he stole a package that had arrived on an incoming overseas flight. The guard apparently couldn't resist an attractive parcel that came into the Timehri International Airport in Guyana; so he took it home with him. When he opened his booty, he found that the package contained cremated human remains. The guard returned the package and was promptly dismissed. ☺

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

Baldness Cure?

EXCLUSIVE

'The progressive re-growth of hair is not in question.'

According to the Federal Trade Commission nothing now exists that can re-grow hair on a balding scalp.

Although **scores of satisfied clients**, both men and women, that once suffered from the problems of baldness are **convinced** the formula known as **MEDI-TEC 90™ was the cause for their regrowth of hair**, their own documented testimonials stating the incredible results achieved with the use of MEDI-TEC 90™ is not what the Federal Trade Commission calls acceptable proof.

NOTE: The actual file photographs shown on this page, photographs of the progressive re-growth of the hair experienced while using MEDI-TEC 90™ have not been altered.

SEEING IS BELIEVING

But with the complex regulations binding the F.T.C., the possibility of coincidence prohibits F.T.C. endorsements.

FACT: That there is a definite progressive regrowth of hair while under the MEDI-TEC 90™ program is not in question.

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Mrs. S.C.

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Mr. P.G.

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Mr. L.M.

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Mr. H.B.

"Your product has done more for me than grow hair on my scalp...It has given me back my confidence..."

Mr. C.D.

NOTICE

The above testimonials, although real, true, and documented, are ignored by the "ENLIGHTENED" Medical Community in the U.S. because "THEY" state there is no known cure for baldness (that is, no known cure that "THEY" are aware of). However, the European "ENLIGHTENED" Medical Community, not as set in their ways, disagrees and ACCEPTS the use of various "baldness" preparations. While all the "ENLIGHTENED" Medical Communities are bickering about who is right, and who is wrong, THOUSANDS OF OUR CLIENTS ARE OVERJOYED WITH THE RESULTS THEY, THEIR FAMILY, FRIENDS, AND CO-WORKERS CAN SEE WITH THEIR OWN EYES.

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THE PHOTOS SHOWN ARE NOT STUDIO PHOTOS. THEY WERE TAKEN BY AN ACTUAL CLIENT AT HOME. THE POOR REPRODUCTION ON THIS PAGE IS DUE TO THAT FACT.



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Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address it to: **HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.**

Edited by Karen Thompson

Breast-Surgery Trauma: My wife recently had her left breast and some lymph nodes removed. Since then she has been extremely depressed and has no interest in sex at all. I love my wife, and she still turns me on, but I can't seem to help the situation. What can I do for her? —K. S.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

First, it should be of some help to know that you are not alone. The American Cancer Society estimates that 97,000 women undergo mastectomies each year. Many of these women experience the trauma that your wife is going through. The emotional effects of a mastectomy are devastating and not always easily overcome.

Doctors recommend that you resume normal activity (including sex) as soon as possible after surgery. However, if sexual problems do occur, as in your wife's case, they should be quickly acknowledged and discussed. Continuing support, communication and understanding are essential to her emotional recovery. Now is the time she will most need those special romantic evenings and the reassurance that you still desire her.

The outcome of your experience could actually give your marriage a lift. In many cases the attempt to understand and cope with the ordeal brings the two people even closer than they were before.

Several organizations have been formed to assist people like you and your wife in resuming a normal life after breast surgery. Reach for Recovery is one such organization that you might contact. Its address is 777 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017 (telephone: 212-371-2900).

Nonsurgical Sterilization: My girlfriend told me she might be able to be sterilized without undergoing surgery. This sounds crazy to me. Is it possible?

—R. L.
Hicksville, New York

Yes, according to Dr. Michael Carrera at the Hunter College of Health Sciences, City University of New York, and author of Sex: The Facts, the Acts and Your Feelings. Carrera says the Food and Drug Administration is currently investigating a new method that

enables a doctor to reach the uterus through the vagina, rather than surgically.

With the aid of a local anesthetic and a viewing instrument called a hysteroscope, a plug of silicone gel is placed within the opening of each Fallopian tube. These plugs harden after a few minutes to form a barrier between the egg-producing ovaries and the womb. A series of X-rays following this procedure then confirms that the plugs are in place.

Dr. Carrera reports that this method is only one-third as expensive as surgery, and it may be reversible. Each plug is equipped with a tiny loop, making it simple to retrieve. So far, though, information on reversibility is incomplete.

It is estimated that the FDA will approve removable-silicone-plug sterilization by 1984. Dr. Carrera suggests that women who are interested in undergoing the procedure should consult with their physicians now.

Passive Wife: Each time my wife and I make love, it's always my idea. This bothers me. Do you think that since she never initiates lovemaking, she doesn't enjoy sex with me? —A. T.

San Diego, California

It's hard to answer this question without hearing your wife's side of the story. But there are some possible explanations—any or all

of which might be influencing her behavior.

Your wife might be suppressing her strong sexual desires for you because she was conditioned as a child to think that women are not supposed to feel sexy. Or she may feel aroused but fear that if she makes the first move, you will reject her. (In other words, she may be feeling sexually insecure.) Another possibility is that you initiate lovemaking so often, she simply doesn't have the chance to start anything herself. Then again, perhaps she is the passive sort who genuinely prefers that you always make the first move.

You and your wife need to open a healthy sexual dialogue. It's always best to be honest and express your sexual feelings. The next time the moment seems right, casually mention to your wife how concerned you are that she doesn't take the aggressive role in lovemaking. You might learn some things about her sexual desires you never knew!

To Cut or Not to Cut: Is circumcision really necessary for health reasons? My wife and I are going to have a baby, and we can't decide whether to have this procedure performed if our child is a boy.

—J. R.

North Wales, Pennsylvania

No, circumcision is not necessary, but many people feel that it is a good idea. An uncircumcised penis requires a certain degree of at-



"Oh, yeah, flying is great, but just once I'd love to be able to jerk off!"

tention to keep it clean. This can be a chore for the parents of a newborn boy. The foreskin must be retracted and the area washed and dried on a daily basis to avoid inflammation and infections. Because of this, circumcision may be easier and safer for both parents and child.

On the other hand, some people maintain that an uncircumcised penis will be more sexually responsive than a cut one. This is because the presence of the foreskin protects the penis head from rubbing against clothing and causing friction. Over time, such friction could cause the unprotected head to become callused and, consequently, less sensitive to sexual stimulation.

Of course, these are only a few points to consider on this increasingly controversial topic. The June issue of our sister publication *SEX PLAY* contains an extensive discussion of circumcision in its *Pro-Con* section, with experts arguing each side. You might want to check that out before deciding whether or not to have your male children circumcised.

Diaphragm Danger: My girlfriend has just begun to use a diaphragm. Recently I heard that there may be some danger to her health if she leaves it in too long. Do you know anything about this?

—L. F.
Hollywood, Florida

Dr. Elizabeth A. Baehler and her associates at the State University of New York School of Medicine have determined that leaving a diaphragm in the vagina too long may cause toxic-shock syndrome. Linked with the use of tampons, this is a dangerous disease that can result in high fever, chills, nausea, vomiting and eventually death.

Dr. Baehler reached her conclusion after conducting a study that revealed a significant increase of bacteria in the cervix and vagina of 19 women who wore diaphragms for 24 hours—which is the maximum amount of time recommended by most manufacturers. Apparently, a diaphragm—like a tampon—provides a suitable environment for the growth of bacteria. These bacteria can produce poisons that can enter the bloodstream and cause toxic shock.

Dr. Baehler recommends that women not wear a diaphragm for more than 12 to 18 hours and not at all during menstruation. It must be left in the vagina for at least six hours after intercourse to provide adequate protection from pregnancy, but be sure that your girlfriend removes it as promptly as possible after that. Use an alternative method, such as a condom, while she is having her period.

More studies on the diaphragm and toxic-shock syndrome will be completed soon, and *HUSTLER* will keep our readers posted on any new developments.

Tight-Jeans Orgasm: I am a 24-year-old woman, and I love to wear tight jeans because they look so sexy. Sometimes, though, I find that I get very horny when I wear them. When I walk, I almost have an orgasm! Why does this happen? Do you think this could be unhealthy?

—R. L.

Brooklyn, New York

The clitoris, which is located where the labia minora (inner vaginal lips) meet, is very sensitive to direct or indirect contact. When you wear tight jeans, pressure is applied to the clitoris; this alone can cause a certain amount of stimulation and result in sexual arousal.

When you walk, your jeans rub against the clitoris, causing additional stimulation, which conceivably could induce orgasm. This stimulation is similar to that which occurs in finger manipulation during foreplay or during masturbation.

Generally, moderate clitoral stimulation from tight clothing is not unhealthy. In most women the clit is covered by the tissue of the inner vaginal lips, thus preventing such stimulation from irritating the tiny organ. If, however, your jeans are too tight, your clitoris might become sore. When this happens, you know it's time to take off those tight jeans and put on something that is less constricting. ☺

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Bits & Pieces

A lot of people we salute on this page have been brought to our attention by readers. So many assholes are lurking about, there's no way we could find them all without your help. But one man who has been suggested for this "honor" was *easy* to find. He's sportscaster Howard Cosell, HUSTLER's June Asshole of the Month—by popular demand.

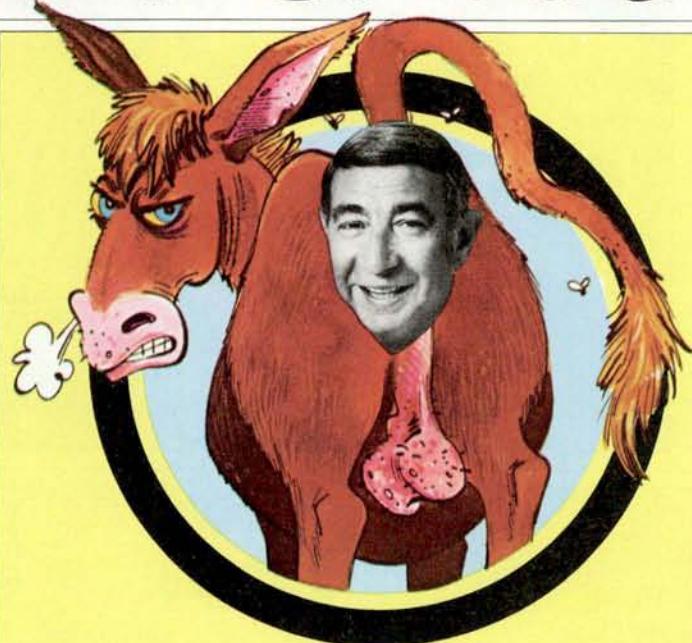
We're not sending Horrid Howard down the Hershey Highway just because he's obnoxious and arrogant. Everybody's known that for years. We're not even going to get on him for his ridiculous habit of inventing five-syllable words on the air when simple English would do better. We're not petty.

But there's one overwhelming aspect of this man's so-called character that we find impossible to ignore:

Humble Howard Cosell is a hypocrite.

And *what a hypocrite!* For some 20 years Cosell has been a pimp for professional boxing. He's the bastard child who's inherited millions from the empire created by the marriage of big-time boxing and network television. As ABC's boxing announcer, he's supposedly told it like it is for two decades: the scandals, the controversies, the farces and the deaths. All of this has made him rich and famous—a pretty good fate for perhaps the most despised personality in the Western Hemisphere.

But suddenly—*miraculously*—Cosell "got religion." Recently he made the pious and sickeningly self-serving announcement that he would no longer have anything to do with professional boxing.



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Howard Cosell

Why not? Because, said Howard, "I don't want to be party to the hypocrisy, the sleaziness." And who did he blame for this "sleaziness"? In order: the networks, the "ruthless promoters" and the print media. And then he had the gall to add, "I was always deeply troubled by boxing."

Oh, yeah? Too "troubled" to accept the millions of dollars from the very same TV networks he now blames for the sorry state of the sport? Too "troubled" to shill for countless sham fights that pitted hopeless hacks against gorillas just for the money involved? Where was this al-

leged conscience when Cosell was riding Muhammad Ali's coattails to superstardom in the television-sports industry, which is known for turning dimwit announcers into shining celebrities?

It's doubtful that Cosell's sudden realization that boxing is brutal fooled much of the American public, whether or not they're sports fans. Americans are already used to two-faced, opportunistic politicians, and Cosell's announcement had that shallow and obvious timing that politicians are known for.

The tragic death in the ring of South Korean boxer

Duk Koo Kim was fresh in the news, and outraged observers were calling for a ban on boxing. What better time could there be to come out on the side of "righteousness"? Cosell is no different than the slimy politicians who suddenly decide to slash our taxes when they're about to be voted out of office.

Maybe that's why Howard the Hypocrite has more than once expressed his desire to serve in the United States Senate. That would be a smart move. At least he knows more about backroom politics than he does about sports.

Howard Cosell is like the emperor with no clothes. He may be a big-shot, but there's no substance to him. His rise to stardom as a sportscaster was mostly based on his reputation for challenging the sports establishment. But during the past decade he has *been* the sports establishment. He's far more likely to kiss the ass of a controversial sports bureaucrat than to ask him a tough question.

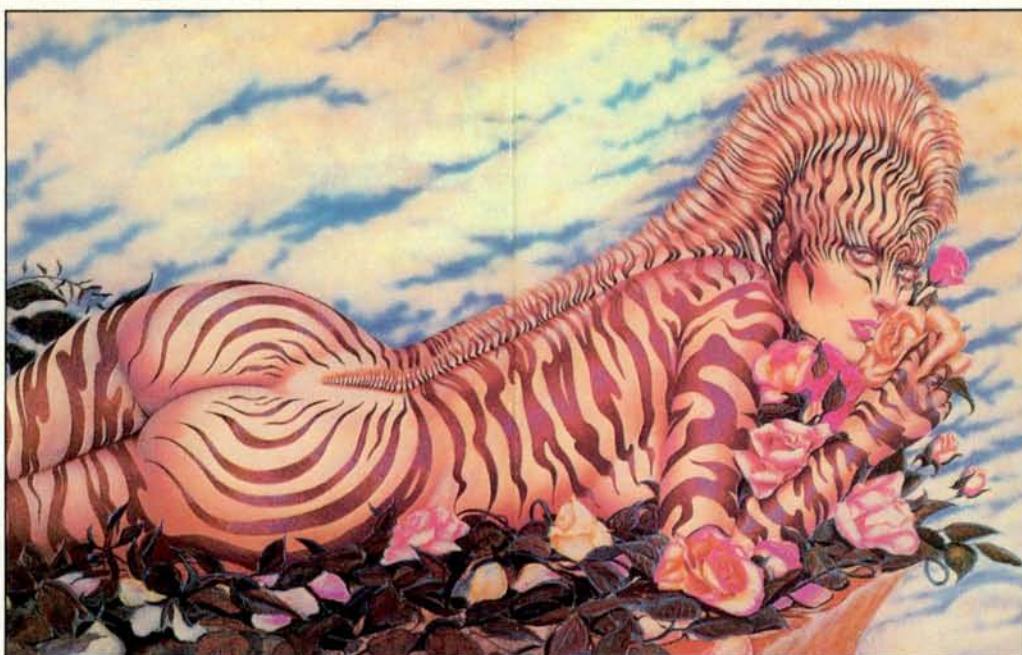
Supposedly he has the reputation of "telling it like it is." Bullshit! Not Howard Cosell-out. How could anybody trust a guy who can't be honest about his age (he says he was born in 1920; it was 1918), his name (he changed it from Cohen) and his hair (he wears a toupee)?

Fortunately, the damage Cosell does is limited to the world of sports, at least until he makes good on his threat to run for public office. But that doesn't make his impact trivial. Sports in America is more than just a national obsession; it's Big Business. And we don't need little men like Howard Cosell corrupting it with hollow-headed hypocrisy.

Greetings From Other Species

Olivia De Berardinis, whose illustrations you've seen in HUSTLER (including the cover of our Fifth Anniversary Issue), has her own line of greeting cards. Called O Cards (P.O. Box 541, Midtown Station, New York, NY 10018), they put the competition to shame.

Olivia's at her sensual best with these works of outrageous fantasy, in which women become giants, aliens, animals... almost anything an erotic imagination could inspire. Check them out wherever better cards are sold.



Don't Eat the Menu

Why should topless bars and restaurants go to a lot of expense printing up menus when they've got all that bare advertising space walking around? All they'd have to do is put the information on the waitresses,

and they'd be giving the customers a really *good* reason to stare at the girls.

And that's not the only advantage. It would be pretty interesting to see where the waitresses stash their tips.

Unreal People

These aren't humans, but polyvinyl sculptures by artist John DeAndrea! We reviewed his works in progress 2½ years ago (HUSTLER, January 1981), and the realism has dramatically increased since. For more information on DeAndrea's work, contact OK Harris (which issued this photo as a postcard), 383 W. Broadway, New York, NY 10012.



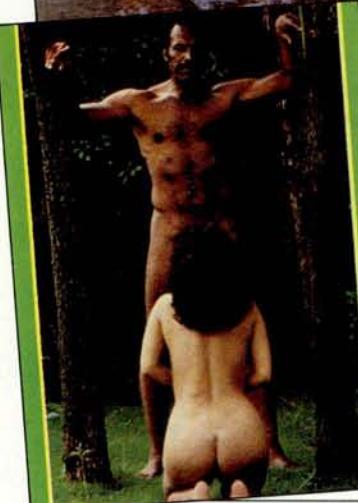
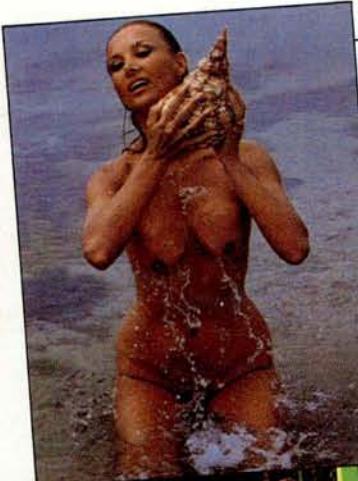
Put It Between Your Legs

"The Way It Should Be" is the Yamaha motorcycle company's ad slogan, and it has never been more appropriate than with this photo sent to us by European

photographer Bo Sehlberg.

It's easy to see that there are two hot, throbbing rides here... and one of them requires the motorcycle.



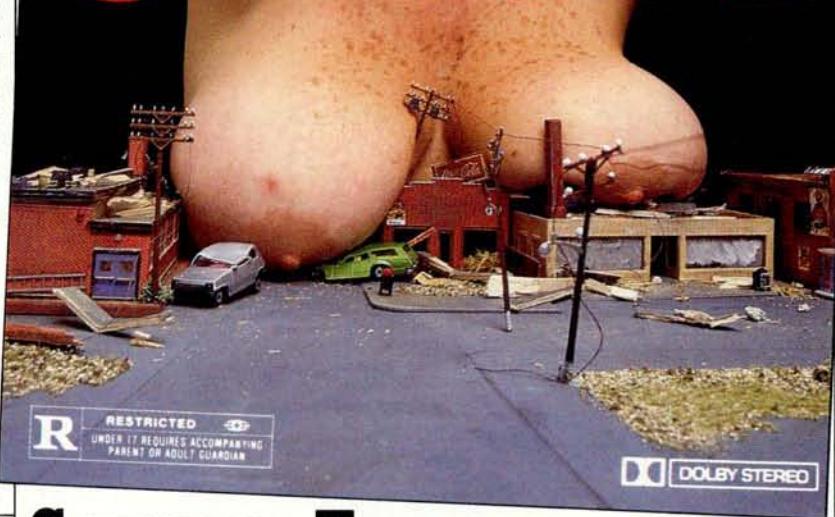


Fred and Barbara

Where are the actors and actresses whose film careers have been sagging in the past few years? Well, at least two of them are appearing nude in the French film magazine *Cine Revue Special Photos*. Shown here are Barbara Bouchet (*Casino Royale*, *In Harm's Way*) in the watery top photo, and Fred Williamson (*M*A*S*H*, *Legend of Nigger Charlie*), apparently going over lines with his leading lady. Looks like more than just their careers needs toning up. Are French film mags going to be more popular for appearances by nude celebs than the beach at St. Tropez?

JUST WHEN YOU
THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE
TO UNHOOK HER BRA...

JUGS 3DD



R RESTRICTED
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING
PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

DOLBY STEREO

Gruesome Twosome

Why should film fans settle for 3-D when they can have an effect of much greater proportions? This sci-fi film has *global* appeal. And the *less* sup-

port it gets from the studios, the better! How do you stop these monsters? Just ask them nicely. They're bursting with the milk of human kindness.

A Different Stroke

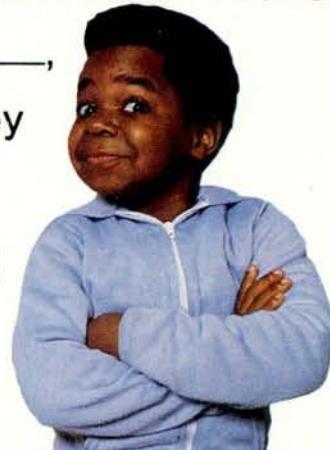
Kidney-transplant patients need new kidneys as often as every five years because the body eventually rejects the transplanted organs. Fifteen-year-old Gary Coleman is a kidney-transplant recipient, and if he lives to be 70, he

may need 11 more kidneys. That's a long time to put up with his obnoxious mugging in front of the cameras. Here's a way TV viewers and filmgoers can help Gary and themselves. Fill out the coupon below and send it to NBC. Gary keeps his health, and we keep our sanity.

GARY COLEMAN KIDNEY DONOR COUPON

I, _____,
(donor's name)

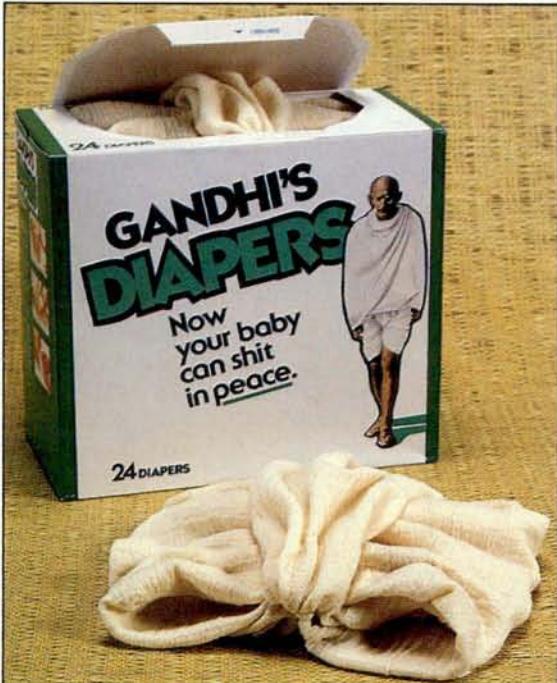
will give my kidney
to Gary Coleman
if he promises to
give up his acting
career. That
includes TV and
movies.



He Changed the World

If the film *E.T.* can get its name on everything from video games to dolls, then Gandhi certainly deserves

a shot at the diaper market with a product like the one we've created. Guaranteed to keep your baby drier than the mouth of an untouchable during a drought, and absorbent enough to handle a Calcutta monsoon.



Nude Show Biz

Miss Nude Show Biz of *Indiana*, that is. You didn't know there was show biz in Indiana? Nightclubs are show business. And these girls really show you their business. Although the competition focuses on the ladies' dancing abilities, the event is mostly for fun 'n' games. And the best part is backstage, where the girls undress for the cameras. That's show biz.

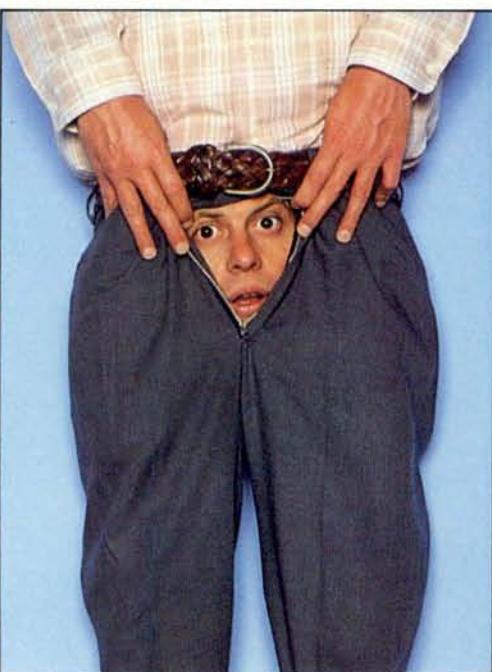


Just Blow His Nose

Here's an unusual case where a woman wanted to give the guy head, but he already had one! And if he asks her to sit on *his* face, she'll end up on his lap.

But there's a more serious lesson to be learned here.

This explains the mystery that man has pondered through the ages—why some people have brains where they sit.



Squeal With Appeal

If the Reagan Administration gets its way, federally funded health clinics will have to notify the parents of any teenage girl who receives a birth-control device. With his stand on abortion, Reagan is going to have these poor girls between a cock

and a hard place. And we can just imagine how Ron and Nancy would like to squeal on them. A notice like the one we've created is right up the Reagans' alley. Maybe it should include a wire hanger.

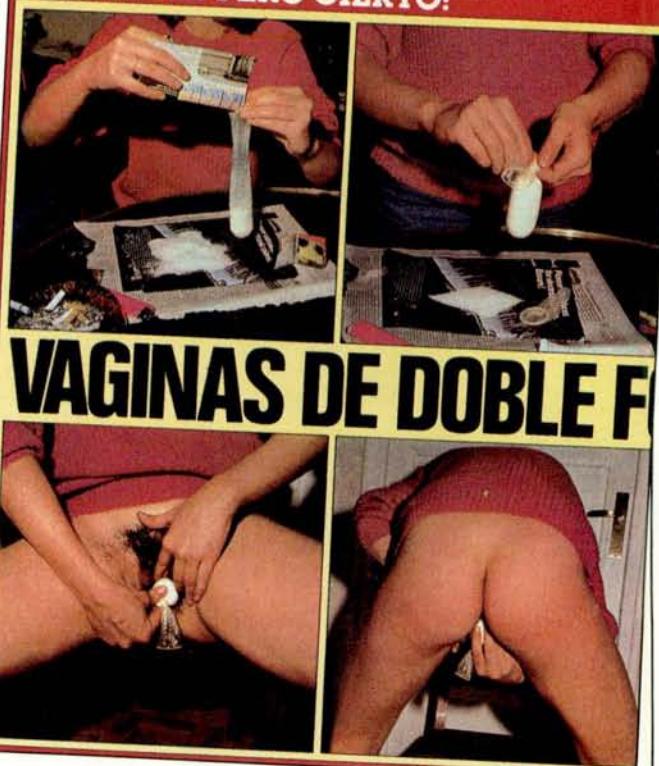


To the Parents of a Teenage Daughter:

Ronald and Nancy Reagan would like to inform you that your daughter intends to fuck in the near future. She used taxpayers' money to obtain a birth-control device specifically for this purpose. Thank you.

No RSVP necessary

¡INCREIBLE PERO CIERTO!



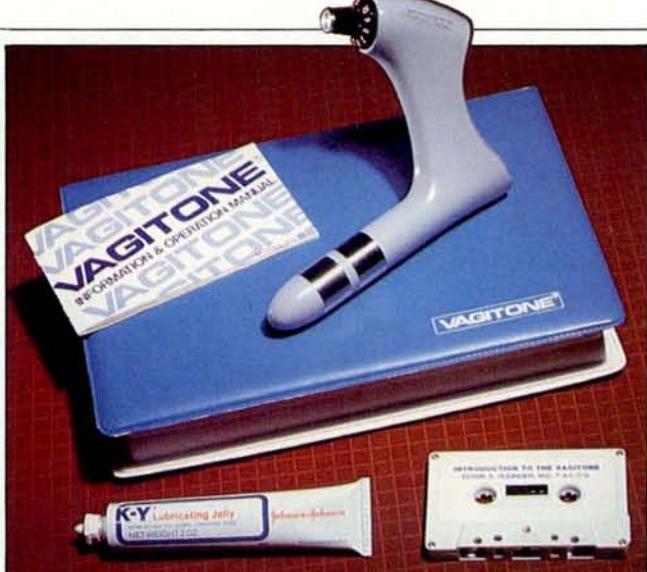
VAGINAS DE DOBLE F



The Inside Dope

Here's a travel tip you won't find in any tourist brochure. It's a nice how-to article on narcotics smuggling in Spain's *Interviu* magazine. Not only do the editors tell the reader how to place the drugs in a rub-

ber and shove it inside a woman's vagina, they *show* it. Maybe someday they'll cover what to do with the corpse if the rubber breaks. Isn't this taking "do it yourself" advice a little bit too far?



Not What It Seems To Be

Although its name sounds like a musical instrument and it looks like a Space Age vibrator, it is neither. The Vagitone is a high-tech, battery-powered muscle toner developed to strengthen the vaginal muscles and tighten the vagina itself. According to the manufacturer, a safe, low-voltage electronic pulse is conducted through the stainless-steel bands on the insertion rod, which makes the muscles con-

tract and relax in a process known as *passive exercise*. While experts have not yet determined all the positive or negative aspects of electric exercise, the Vagitone appears to be an effective new way to restore muscle tone lost due to childbirth. Its maker also claims it aids in the achievement of orgasm by improving the use of the vaginal muscles during intercourse. The Vagitone sells for \$256 (battery and shipping included), and more information can be obtained from Gyn-O-Tek Inc. (P.O. Box 29017, Portland, OR 97229-0017).



I eflated Hopes

Sure, she was a doll when you first met her... but look at her now! That sagging rubber, that inflated belly—Judy the love doll has become Judy the voodoo doll. It's the same old

story. They take care of themselves until you make that permanent commitment, then it's all downhill until you're stuck with nothing but a bag full of hot air.

If I Were a Carpenter

If Karen Carpenter had spoken publicly about her anorexia-nervosa problem, she might have helped thousands of her loyal fans avoid a similar fate. Especially if the troubled Ms. Carpenter had

put those messages in song.

Here's our version of the album that could have taken the weight off Karen's shoulders—and think how much the world could have gained from it.

KAREN CARPENTER

"ANOREXIA WRECKS YA!"

INCLUDING:

- * You Lighten Up My Life
- * I Did It My Weight
- * Dem Bones

Featuring
RICHARD CARPENTER'S SOLO
"She Ain't Heavy,
She's My Sister"



The HUSTLER Reel of Approval

HUSTLER's X-rated-film-review section was born with the intent of saving your dick—and your wallet—the expense of a limp experience.

Now we're bringing you the ultimate collection of adult-movie reviews, THE HUSTLER GUIDE TO X-RATED FILMS. Covering the major releases of recent years, including hot-out-of-the-camera newcomers, this cinema guide will steer you straight on the best bets and clear of yawn-inducing losers, whether at theaters or on video-cassettes. Watch for it on your newsstand, or send \$3.95 plus \$1 postage and handling—sorry, no

Canadian orders accepted—to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944). It's worth the price of many admissions.

THE HUSTLER GUIDE TO X-RATED FILMS

\$3.95

YOUR COMPLETE HOME VIDEO AND THEATER GUIDE



Slime Time

According to Webster, *rustle* means "to take feloniously." That means "to steal." And that's what makes the Canadian magazine *Rustler*'s name so appropriate—it has *stolen* everything but the fillings in our editors' teeth. As you can see, *Rustler* cleverly obscured the cover title to confuse the public into thinking this might be *HUSTLER*. Inside, it's ripped off our format, our column titles ("Bits & Bites"?) and even our movie-rating system! The only thing it forgot to take was our *quality*. And the name *Rustler* is even more appropriate when you see the *cows* they're passing off as sexy females. Af-



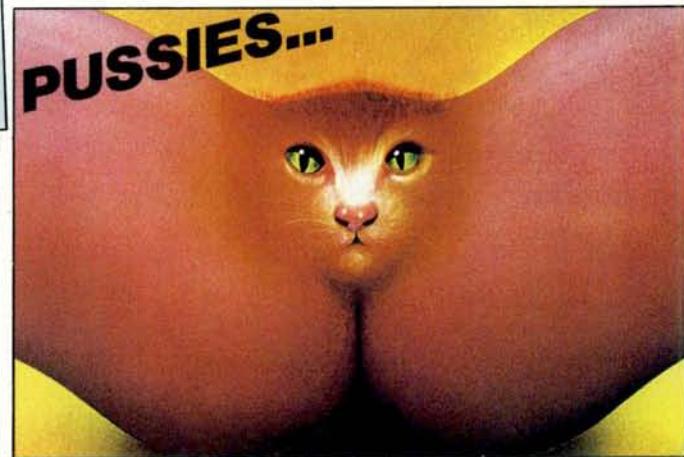
ter a nine-month disappearance from the stands, *Rustler* has returned like the third stage of syphilis... and blindness would be a welcome relief.

Meow Mix-up

No guy in his right mind would put anything in that opening but cat food.

But as a clever greeting card, this visual pun on the word

pussy from T.N.T. Designs Inc. (35 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10010) is a safe bet to give a friend a few chuckles when you put it in his mail slot. Why drop someone a line when you can send a fe-line?



Heart Attack

How long until Japanese scientists join together with Japanese merchants and start manufacturing cheaper artificial hearts that get better mileage than American models?

And how long before they find ways to make them more fun? Then it'll be Sony Heart-

mans with headphones and electrocardiographs with video-game options, and who knows what else?

If American scientists are going to corner this market, they'd better get on the stick and make these hearts cheap and portable soon!

Otherwise, we're just asking for it—Taorta.



SUZY IS AFRAID TO HAVE SEX. WON'T YOU HELP?

GIVE SO MORE WILL GIVE
—The American Herpes Fund

Being Easy Isn't Pretty

Muscular dystrophy has one, multiple sclerosis has one—why shouldn't *herpes* have a poster child? *Herpes* needs a national organization to get the big research bucks. And what better way than billboards with six-foot-high faces covered with blistering sores? The public will pay through the nose just to get them removed! But let's not get the hopes of herpes sufferers up too high. We wouldn't want to burst their bubbles.

Now-\$100 for Beaver Hunt Photos!

Now your lady can get even more green for her pink! That's right—\$100 for any *Beaver Hunt* snapshot we print! All you have to do is take the kind of photo we're looking for. Here are some tips on how to add that C-note to her pocketbook.

1. Be sure the subject is in focus. A blurry photo is the number-one reason for rejection of a submission.

2. Don't clutter the background. We want to see your lady, not your Donald Duck bed-sheets or your Cheryl Tiegs posters.

3. Get her whole body in the shot, and be sure she shows *pink*! That's the part that keeps the pubic hair from growing together, right? And don't crop out her arms or legs.

4. This isn't a beauty contest. That's the beauty of it. If she's the apple of your *eye*, we're interested in her core.

5. For the guys—no erections, please.

The shot at the right is a great example of the type of Beaver we're hunting. And if your lady is a real prize catch, she could win a full centerfold-style shooting at current *HUSTLER* model



rates! So follow the guidelines we've provided, and get your entries in the mail now!



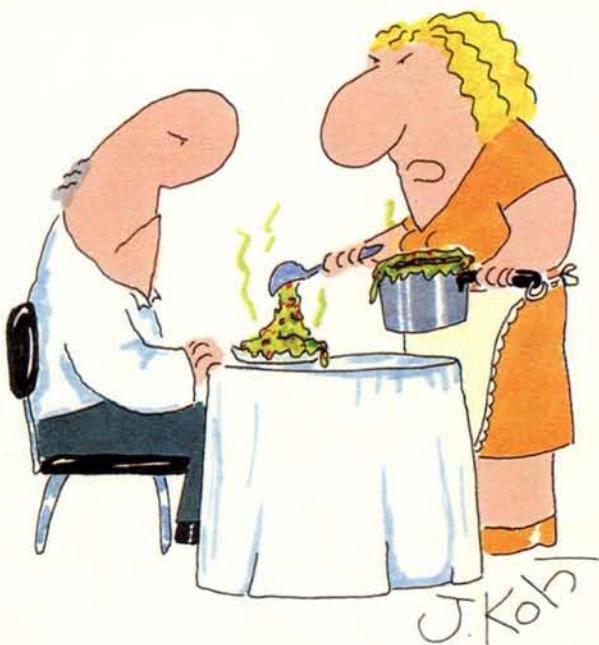
Wrong Way!

Any of you readers recognize that famous structure? No, we don't know whose behind it is either. But the building in the background is where that *other* asshole resides.

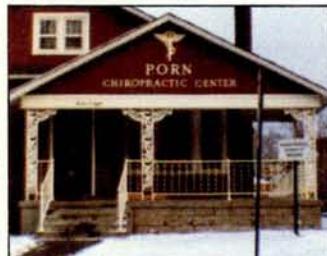
And although President

Reagan hasn't given much serious attention—or serious funding—to our national space program, this Washington, D.C., visitor is giving him an achievement equal to that of former President Richard Nixon—his first moon shot.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"It's leftovers... You threw it up last night."



Getting the Kinks Out

Could this reader submission be a retreat where porn stars go to fix the bones that have been jumped on too much? Probaby not, but one good spine alignment could put an actress back on her back in no time.



JAMES WATT
November '81

Our Asshole of the Month for November 1981 has shot off his mouth for the umpteenth time during his 2½-year tenure as secretary of the interior, charging that the 735,000 American Indians who live on government reservations experience an overwhelming incidence of venereal disease, drug abuse, alcoholism, divorce and unemployment. "That's the most genocidal, racial slur we've ever heard from a government official," said a prominent Indian leader. Secretary Watt later admitted that his remarks were out of line. Once an asshole, always an asshole.

Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for Bits & Pieces items (or \$50 if two or more submissions are used in one B&P item). *Larry Flynt Publications* retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For June, \$150 goes to H. Creely, S. Goetz and P. Raymond.

HUSTLER Update

TORTURE:
MAN'S
INHUMANITY
TO MAN
May '82



In a shocking article accompanied by a series of horrifying photographs, *HUSTLER* detailed dozens of barbaric acts used by repressive governments around the world. Recent reports from the South American nation of Chile, where a military dictatorship has ruled for the past ten years, revealed the use of an extremely sadistic method for forcing confession—the dreaded *parrillada* (Spanish for "barbecue grill"). Opponents of the regime are strapped down on a metal bed frame, and electrical connections are attached to their feet and genitals. After water is poured over their bodies, the current is switched on—causing victims to thrash and buck violently. Thousands have been subjected to this painful form of electric shock.

A TINY DAB OF CREAM CORRECTS 100% OF ONE OF MEN'S WORST SEXUAL DISORDERS...

*in this test detailed in a Report of Medical Experts, and
delivered directly to the Food and Drug Administration (read
full details of this and other startling tests below).*

**EVERY FACT HERE COMES
FROM THIS REPORT OF
MEDICAL EXPERTS, SPECIALLY
PREPARED FOR THE F.D.A.**

It gives incredible new hope for the millions of men who cannot delay orgasm long enough to bring their partners to a glorious full climax.

This tragic condition in men is usually called "premature ejaculation". This, as you may know, is a condition where the man cannot help ejaculating at the first contact his penis makes with the outside of his partner's genitals, or immediately after entering her.

Instant ejaculation. Completely involuntary. A supreme cause of shame, embarrassment, shyness in approaching new partners in bed, plus the loss of many women who otherwise might fall hopelessly in love with you.

But the words, "premature ejaculation", are only the tip of the iceberg of an even more widespread problem. And this is the almost equally crippling condition where you *can* enter the woman... can have intercourse for a very few moments... but then, despite every strategy you try, simply cannot prevent yourself from hopelessly ejaculating before she is ready to join you.

You hear her moaning beneath you, "Not yet... Not yet... Please, not yet!". And yet there is no way you can hold yourself back — until now!

**SO SIMPLE TO CORRECT!
SO DRAMATIC IN ITS RESULTS!
NO WONDER IT'S CALLED
"DOCTOR'S WAY"!**

Now let us turn to the report itself, issued by the government on September 7, 1982. Here are the actual medical tests — proof after proof — that caused these independent medical experts to recommend this "male genital desensitizer" to the FDA.

TEST #1:

A medical study on 13 men, whose ages ranged from 22 to 39 years, and whose average age was 31 years. Every one of these men had previously ejaculated prior to, or immediately upon, insertion of their penis into the woman's vagina. They had suffered from this condition from half a year to five full years.

Then a cream such as "Doctor's Way" was given to them. For an average period of 2 months, all they had to do was rub it on to the head and shaft of their penis before they had intercourse.

THIS SIMPLE TREATMENT RESULTED IN CORRECTION OF PREMATURE EJACULATION IN EVERYONE OF THESE MEN — WITHOUT A SINGLE EXCEPTION! From inability to have intercourse... to magnificent normal intercourse... all with nothing more than the tiny dab of a smooth, pure white cream.

AND THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING!

But what about men who do *not* complain of premature ejaculation, but nevertheless do not have the "staying power" they have always dreamed about? Just look at this amazing result:

TEST #2:

The average age of these men was slightly more than 32 years (their age

range was 18 to 42). The procedure they followed was quite simple — they massaged a small amount of the cream over the glans penis, then waited five minutes, and then just went ahead with a new kind of intercourse.

The difference was fantasy-like! These men actually delayed their orgasms for an average time GREATER THAN THE FULL TIME OF INTERCOURSE OF OVER 75 PERCENT OF ALL AMERICAN MEN OF WHATEVER AGE. And this was only the increased time they were able to continue energetic intercourse. An extra bonus — time after time after time — gained by a tiny dab of cream!

But now comes the real pay-off:

TEST #3:

This was a medical test conducted on 120 men, all of whom suffered from (immediate) premature ejaculation. A full 108 of these men (90 percent) showed definite control now over their previously "automatic and virtually instantaneous" ejaculatory reflex. Marvelous? Yes. But only the prelude to something far more wonderful!

Because in this test, the female partners were measured as well as the males. And you might not believe this but — where only 2½ percent of these women, whose men were given a "fake cream" achieve an orgasm, OVER 72½ PERCENT OF THE WOMEN WHOSE MEN WERE GIVEN THE REAL CREAM, LIKE "DOCTOR'S WAY", HAD AN ORGASM RIGHT ALONG WITH THEIR MEN!

Medical test after test — proven, and published in this documented Medical Report.

**NOW FOR THE FINAL THRILLING
DETAILS —**

1) The report of the panel of medical experts comes right out and says: "... is safe and effective as a male genital desensitizer".

2) As shown by TEST #3 above, although the cream desensitizes the man's penis, it does not seem to have that same effect on his feminine partner. And, as the report goes on to say: "... nor were any other adverse vaginal effects reported." And: "... had no reported effect on vaginal sensation in the female partners."

3) The mixture "... was also found to be nontoxic, nonsensitizing and nonirritating to the ... oral mucosa."

**PROVE IT YOURSELF
FOR 30 DAYS, ENTIRELY
AT OUR RISK**

The active ingredient in DOCTOR'S WAY was only recently approved by a special Medical Panel, appointed by the Food and Drug Administration on September 7, 1982. Now it is released to you, in what must be considered at least a 60-day supply, for only \$19.95 complete. *And every cent of that money is thoroughly guaranteed.* You must be delighted, or simply return the empty tube for every cent of your money back.

Send check or money order (no cash, please) to I. I. Inc., Fulfillment Division, 535 Fifth Ave., New York, 10017. Only U.S. currency please. Your DOCTOR'S WAY package will be sent immediately, in a plain wrapper.

EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Rodger Claire

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which aren't. *HUSTLER*'s reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better productions.

Nightlife

Half Erect. Produced by JoAnn Lewis; directed by Louis Lewis; written by Vanessa Carroll; starring Bridgette Monet, Loni Sanders, Dorothy LeMay, Gayle Sterling, Honey Wilder, Ginger, Kathy Kay, Monerica, Joey Silvera, Herschel Savage, Jesse Adams, Dave Cannon, Michael Morrison and Mike Horner. Running time: 76 minutes.

Don't worry about getting to the theater on time for this one: There are telephone books with more plot than *Nightlife* has. This flick is a steamy look



Cops Jesse Adams and Herschel Savage get off in 'Nightlife.'

at the private lives of the hookers who work San Francisco's famed North Beach district. And in a sense it's a lot like the sex you find on the streets of North Beach—fast, dirty and not very meaningful.



Gayle Sterling and Monerica put a couple of billy clubs to good use in a sequence from 'Nightlife.'

Nightlife is a sexual montage, a celluloid peep show with a dazzling lineup of beauties who each get a ten-minute workout in front of the camera, then disappear. If there's a thread of continuity to this X-rated variety show, it's in the character of Joanna, played by Bridgette Monet, who at least is still around at the film's end.

Monet stars as a onetime streetwalker-turned-high-class-callgirl-and-sexual-jack-of-all-trades. As the movie opens, she's made a decision not to marry her policeman-boyfriend (Dave Cannon) and to remain in her chosen profession. The rest of the story—if it can be called that—follows Monet as she recruits future porn stars, teaches novice hookers the fine points of the trade and confers with local madams.

As we follow Monet through her daily exploits, we're treated to a tantalizing parade of talented prostitutes. The sex ranges from the ridiculous to the sublime. In one of the better scenes a bargain-basement hooker, played by Loni Sanders, sells a piece to a drunken sailor in a dingy back alley. Too busy to be particular, she hikes up her skirt and lets him take her from behind right on the spot. The image of the two silhouetted among the trash cans in the dim neon of the

streetlamp captures a raw realism that is shocking, yet strangely erotic.

There's a variety of threesomes and lesbian and heterosexual couplings. One of the more creative scenes features Mike Horner and newcomer Ginger 69ing on a trapeze.

But not all the sex is that good. There's an interminably long segment with Monet coaching Dorothy LeMay (who's put on a little too much weight lately) through a ho-hum session of unimaginative sex with Joey Silvera. And there's a completely limp scene of uninspired sex between Michael Morrison and Kathy Kay. And no wonder; with

Kay's "looks" it's a miracle Morrison even got it up.

The highpoint of *Nightlife* comes when Monet gets it on with Cannon—who, when he's not fucking, plays one of the wimpiest guys ever to whine his way across the adult screen. When he is fucking, however, he manages to totally blow out Monet, who in most fuck scenes looks as if she'd just as soon be doing her nails. This time she forgets herself completely as she's fucked to a frenzy and a teeth-grinding, ear-piercing orgasm.

Unfortunately, it takes more than a few decent sex scenes and a bare-bones plot to make a satisfying film. —R. C.

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

	FULLY ERECT
	Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.
	THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
	Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.
	HALF ERECT
	So-so. This may get you off, but its appeal is limited.
	ONE-QUARTER ERECT
	Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.
	TOTALLY LIMP
	A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.



Jamie Gillis goes down on the doomed Champagne in 'Midnight Heat.'

Midnight Heat

Three-Quarters Erect.
Produced by Robert Michaels; directed and written by Richard Mahler; starring Jamie Gillis, Howard Feline, D. D. Burke, Fred Rein, Tish Ambrose, Joey Carson, Champagne, Sharon Mitchell, Michael Bruce and Susie Nero. Running time: 83 minutes.

The lean, hard, unforgiving terrain of New York's Lower East Side forms the perfect backdrop for an offbeat study of loneliness, death and the meaning—or meaninglessness—of life, in *Midnight Heat*. The movie is one of those rare and risky ventures—a kind of thinking man's porn.

Unfortunately, depressing subjects like death and boredom tend to take the edge off a film's eroticism. Sex becomes just one more empty gesture in an absurd world. *Midnight Heat* is more likely to stimulate your brain than what's between your legs. All the same, the picture is several cuts above the typical porn flick that shows less intelligence than a "Dick and Jane" primer.

The movie opens with Jamie Gillis holed up in a rundown tenement room in the Bowery. Through a series of flashbacks we learn that he is a hitman for

the Mafia. Unable to really feel or respond unless he's living on "the edge," the onetime English teacher is driven to live as close to death as possible. This time, though, he's gone too far. He seduces the wife of a powerful Mafia chieftain and is caught in mid-stroke by her husband. In an eerie scene the Mafioso (Fred Rein) walks silently into the bedroom and gives Gillis the Sicilian "kiss of death" while Gillis and the gangster's wife (D. D. Burke) are still entangled.

Now Gillis must spend his days watching for his killers from his flophouse window, while an army of winos wanders

aimlessly in the streets below. Finally, out of boredom, he calls two hookers (Joey Carson and Champagne). Telling them he's just an "observer," he pays them to make love together as he watches. The scene with these two sleek, naked women wrapped in each other's arms on the tattered bed amid the hovel's peeling plaster and faded woodwork has a grisly realism that's almost lewdly erotic.

When the women finish, Gillis asks Champagne to stay. They spend the next few days remembering the fears and failures that brought them together. In another flashback we learn that Champagne has been driven into the streets by her brutal husband, also a professional killer.

At last, as if in the finale to some bizarre dance of death, Gillis and Champagne have sex. It is cold and clinical, and yet perversely erotic. As he moves her through an endless series of sexual positions, Gillis somehow (and this is a weakness in the film that is never explained) realizes that Champagne has been sent there to kill him. She's the "hitman" he's been waiting for all along. In an incredibly shocking scene, Gillis strangles her to death with his belt as he fucks her from behind and climaxes all over her back. He's achieved the ultimate: He's merged sex and death.

Midnight Heat is both a well-photographed and a nicely scripted film. But despite these pluses, the offbeat subject matter and the hard-edged eroticism may not appeal to everyone.

—R. C.



Foxy Marilyn Chambers straddles Herschel Savage in 'Up 'n' Coming.'

Up 'n' Coming

Three-Quarters Erect.
Produced and directed by Godfrey Daniels; starring Marilyn Chambers, Lisa DeLeeuw, Cody Nicole, Loni Sanders, Tiny Mary, Richard Pacheco, Herschel Savage, John La Zar, Ferris Weal, Clay Tanning, Lili Marlene and John Holmes. Running time: 83 minutes.

Marilyn Chambers must still be using Ivory soap—she's as foxy as ever. No wonder she's managed to stay on top of things for nearly a decade in an industry that goes through porn stars like most people use Kleenex. Her latest flick, *Up 'n' Coming* (her first since 1980's *Insatiable*), is a rags-to-riches



'Up 'n' Coming': Lisa DeLeeuw and Ferris Weal between workouts.

romp through the back bedrooms of the country-and-western scene—a kind of *Nashville* without clothes.

Chambers plays a young, wide-eyed C&W singer who gets her first big break when she's billed as the opening act for country legend "Altheah Anderson," played by Lisa DeLeeuw in easily the best performance of her career. Chambers actually does all of her own singing, and her sexy, gravel-throated voice is one of the film's treats.

Living on the road under the shadow of the hard-drinking DeLeeuw, Chambers learns there's a lot more to being a star than just singing. It doesn't take her long to discover that the way to the top is on her back, and soon she's trading poontang for points on the record charts. In one very funny scene, Chambers gives a lip-smacking blowjob to a local deejay (Richard Pacheco) while

he's interviewing her on the air.

DeLeeuw, who spends most of the film singing from the bottom of a bottle, comes up for air long enough to try to throw a noose around Chambers, whose career is beginning to eclipse that of the now-fading star. In the inevitable confrontation between the two, the young up-and-comer throws a drink in the old pro's face. Then, in a preposterous turn of events, DeLeeuw sends her bodyguard/stud (Ferris Weal) and his mindless girlfriend (Tiny Mary) to "get" Chambers.

We're never quite sure what they would do if they caught her—a murder seems a little extreme here. Anyway, Chambers manages to escape the "terrible" duo by hiding in a laundromat. This sequence is so lame, you get the feeling the producers ran out of money and ideas and just stopped filming.

That must have been what happened, because a phony ending that has nothing to do with the story is tacked on. It's kind of a consolation prize for raincoaters. After Chambers escapes and DeLeeuw is fired from the tour, Marilyn pops up at a house with Pacheco, Herschel Savage, Lily Marlene and John Holmes (in his first film appearance since getting out of jail). The five of them then jump into a ten-minute bout of sexual gymnastics.

All in all, Chambers is at her insatiable best when it comes to the sex in this one. She's good from beginning to end, which is why this film gets the rating it does, despite the problems with the plot. As it is, you're let up... but not quite coming back for more.

—R. C.



Tiny Mary opens wide for DeLeeuw in a scene from 'Up 'n' Coming.'

White Heat

Half Erect *Produced by Burt Rose; directed by Michael LeBlanc; starring Olinka, Gabriel Pontello, Myka, Sarah Claudia and Phyllis White. Running time: 85 minutes.*

Over here in the "colonies" we tend to forget that there's a whole other world of erotic culture just across the Atlantic—an elegant sensuality that's been refined by centuries of practice. *White Heat*, a stylish Scandinavian production, is a good example of the European ability to create fantastically erotic situations and yet make them look completely natural.

The best thing about the typical X-rated import is its cast of voluptuous European women. They all have those healthy, pale-pink bodies that just shimmer with sheer sexiness. And Olinka, the star of *White Heat*, is no exception. Her platinum-blond hair, full red lips, well-rounded breasts and milky-white skin all justify her billing as Europe's Marilyn Monroe of porn.

These Nordic beauties are

definitely *White Heat*'s biggest plus, because the storyline's thinner than Swedish toilet paper. Olinka is sent by a matrimonial service to Gabriel Pontello's snow-capped chalet. Unbeknown to her, however, the service is really a front for a callgirl network. It doesn't take Pontello long to cash in on Olinka's innocence. And in an incredibly erotic scene he licks champagne off her luscious body and then drills her in a canvas chair while holding her legs behind her head.

Soon after, Pontello's friends arrive for a weekend of skiing and sexual recreation that quickly turns into an orgy of swinging, swapping, slurping and screwing. Olinka tries to remain aloof but is drawn into the sexual revelries by an almost-schizophrenic desire.

In one scene, as she surrenders to anal sex with one of the guests, we watch as her guilt is gradually consumed by her overwhelming passion. But then, 20 minutes later, she's as cold as ice. It also doesn't seem to bother her that the man she thinks she's going to marry is screwing anything with two feet. You'd think by now Olinka would get the hint that Pontello has something besides wedding bells on his mind. But no... she hangs in there waiting for her diamond ring.

Besides this moronic plot, the film has serious problems with the soundtrack. The overdubbing of moans and groans makes the orgy scenes sound like feeding time at the zoo. Our friends abroad need to learn what American adult-film makers are beginning to understand: A bevy of bouncing beauties does not a good porn movie make.

—R. C.



Chambers relaxes with a boatload of shipshape beauties from 'Coming.'

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

All American Girls

Debbie Does Dallas II

Doing It

Indecent Exposure

Irresistible

Memphis Cat House Blues

Scoundrels

Society Affairs

Talk Dirty to Me, Part II

Wanda Whips Wall Street

Three-Quarters Erect

Babe

Beauty

Body Magic

I Like to Watch

Intimate Lessons

Mascara

Peaches and Cream

Purely Physical

Satisfactions

Taboo II

The Widespread Scandals of Lydia Lace

Titillation

Half Erect

Liquid Assets

N-U-R-S-E-S of the 407

Oui, Girls

Sorority Sweethearts

The Blonde Next Door

The Tiffany Minx

Trashy

Undercovers

One-Quarter Erect

Anytime... Anyplace

Aunt Peg Goes Hollywood

Blue Jeans

Foreplay

Fox Holes

Peep Holes

The Cosmopolitan Girl

The Mistress

Totally Limp

Little Orphan Dusty, Part II

Starlet Nights

The Seductress

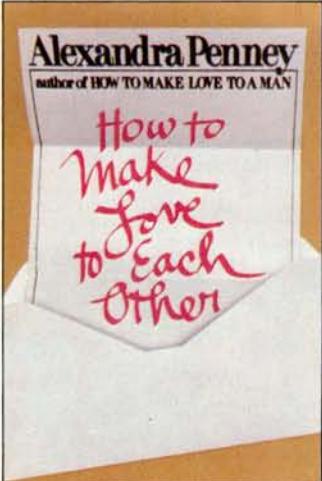
BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon

How to Make Love to Each Other

By Alexandra Penney; G. P. Putnam's Sons, 200 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016; \$11.95.

Even though I'm a veteran writer of more than 40 years, occasionally I stumble across a book about writing that tells me things I had forgotten—or never even knew. No matter how expert you think you are, there's always something more to learn.



The same is true about loving. You may think that your years of experience have taught you all there is to know, but you're dead wrong. And no one illustrates that fact better than Alexandra Penney and her books—*How to Make Love to a Man* (her previous best-seller) and *How to Make Love to Each Other*, her newest contribution to sexual instruction. No matter how good you are with your mate, you will learn something from this book that you didn't know before.

It's a complete sex guide, with explicit instructions on the how-tos of seduction, positions, birth control, masturbation, oral sex and massage. True, you can get all this information elsewhere, but never in such straightforward language.

Perhaps the special thing about Penney's work is her underlying message: In order to really please your partner, you

must make him or her understand exactly what *you* want—and expect—in the very beginning of the relationship. A seed of selfishness must be planted, or the union will not grow. Says Penney: "As you were totally honest with yourself in assessing what you want, you must now be totally honest with your partner in saying what you want—or don't want, what would give you the most pleasure, what gives you the least, what you can live with and what you absolutely can't take."

Penney operates with openness and honesty. She eliminates hiding, phoniness and bullshit, and she pretty well proves that an attitude of loving aggressiveness will work for you. If you're in love (or want to be), read this book.

Jungle Fever

By Jean-Paul Goude; edited by Harold Hayes; Xavier Moreau Inc., 111 W. 57th St., New York, NY 10019; \$32.50.

Not since Salvador Dali cut his finger to dribble blood into his cocktail has there been so dynamic, so energized, so greatly talented a crazy man as Jean-Paul Goude. Dancer, sculptor, painter, stage designer, director, photographer—he's all those things and more. And this book shows him off in all his dimensions.

Goude has this kink in his head for perfection—that is, perfection as *he* sees it. But even when he does see it, he wants to improve on it. Refer-



In 'Jungle Fever,' J.-P. Goude's eye for the absurd mixes sex and silliness.

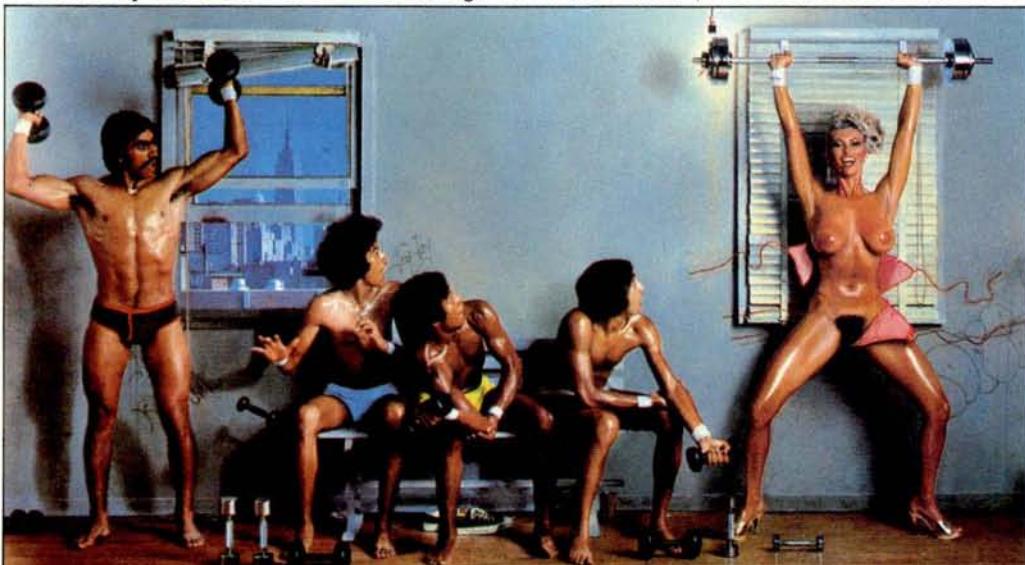
ring to a model named Toukie, he writes: "All of her, including the most intimate parts of her body, were perfectly drawn, like sculpture. A masterpiece of nature. Naturally, I set about to see what I could do to improve her."

Among the ways he improves on perfection is to take a photograph of a model, cut it apart and insert something here and there, until he creates a visual image of a woman who never lived on this earth—in a pose that no human could duplicate. Or he'll take a life-size body cast of a woman and reduce it to a flawless statuette only 12 inches tall.

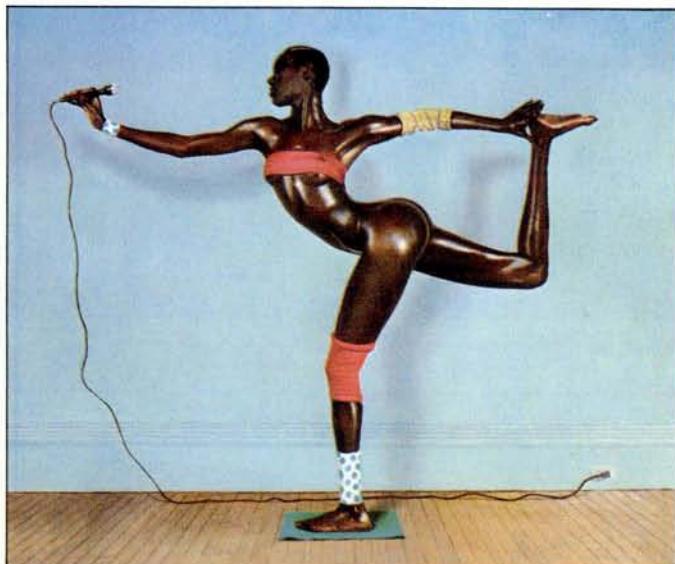
The most famous of his creations is singer/model Grace Jones. It has been said that even though he started with a

beautiful and talented black woman who already had a glamorous career, he "improved" on her, turning her into one of the most explosive images ever to hit stage, screen or print. He put her on tour all over Europe and America, and she let him do anything he wanted with her for nearly four years. As he puts it, their parting came when "what I was making was speeding too far beyond what was there."

Since he was a small boy in Paris, Goude has been fascinated by black people and those things about them that make them different and special. "My conception is free of all social connotations," he writes, "because I am European. Americans cannot dissociate themselves from the so-



Multi-talented photographer Goude captures the straightforward sexuality of bodybuilding in 'Jungle Fever.'



Singer/model Grace Jones' animal elegance is featured in 'Jungle Fever.'

cial implications of their artistic evaluation of black people." In other words, Goude believes that white Americans can't separate the issue of prejudice toward blacks from the pure appreciation of them as a cultural and artistic force. It's a thought well worth thinking about, and *Jungle Fever* is a book well worth reading.

The Love Muscle

By Bryce Britton; Signet/Plume, 1633 Broadway, New York, NY 10019; \$7.95.

There's a PC, or pollution control, valve in your car's engine that needs to be kept in working order for your automobile to run well. Similarly, there's a PC in your body—a muscle called the pubococcy-

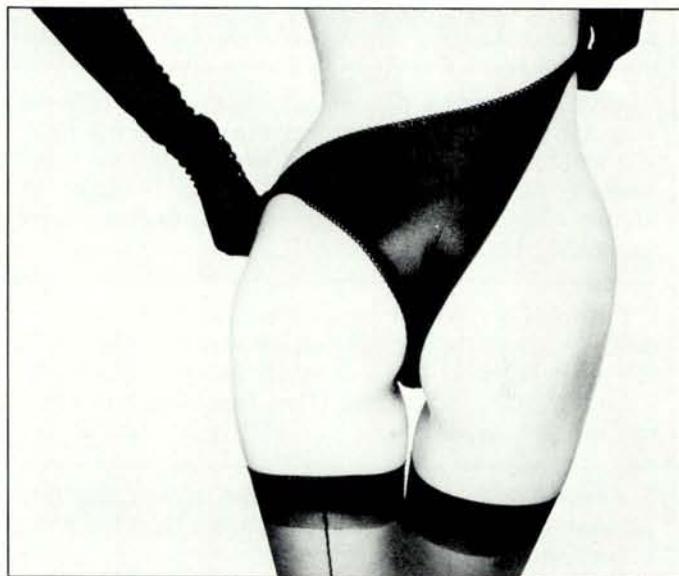
gus, and it too has to be kept in shape if you want to keep your sex life running well.

The word comes from *pubes*, which refers to the bone that goes crosswise under the pubic hair in the crotch area, and *coccyx*, which is your tailbone. The PC muscle stretches between the two, running on either side of your sexual apparatus. That muscle and its function are what this book is about.

To witness the action of your "love muscle," stop your urine flow halfway through taking a leak. Or if you want a more dramatic demonstration, contract the same muscle during an erection and watch your cock nod yes to you. Women have the muscle too, and through exercises explained in this book, they can learn to use that muscle to create and control orgasm. Says author Britton to

women: "Women often feel powerless in relationships with partners because they are dependent on their partners to give them an orgasm. When you own your own orgasm, you know you can come. You are equal. With these exercises, you can, perhaps for the first time, be orgasmic when you want to with a partner. That's a beautiful thing." Amen to that.

color. The models are goddesses who look half-flesh and half-wax—the kind you see in slick fashion magazines. They are purposely posed to appear cool, unruffled, statuesque and *erotic as hell*. Swannell's style has been described as "fashion photography without clothes." That's not exactly true, but you could say that the garments on these ladies are provided for



Fine Lines' views the many erotic sides of the modern female form.

The bulk of this book describes the exercises that will strengthen the love muscle. They are both physical and mental exercises, clearly explained in words and diagrams.

This is one very worthwhile little text.

Fine Lines

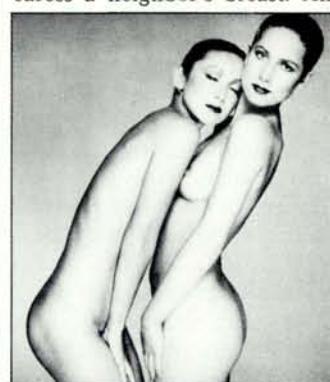
By John Swannell; Quartet Books, Suite 1300, 360 Park Ave. South, New York, NY 10010; \$29.50.

Londoner John Swannell has run up a good list of photography credits in art exhibits, magazines and advertising agencies. This coffee-table book has all the earmarks of a high talent who's done a lot of work for other people and has, at last, the chance to do a collection *his* way. He doesn't say this in words though. He lets the pictures speak for themselves.

Swannell works exclusively in black-and-white here, a medium that can do certain things color can't. The women photographed in this book have an almost-cloudy coldness in their expressions—a look that would be destroyed by the addition of

decoration only. The focus of the camera is definitely on the bare body.

Swannell also exhibits a sly sense of humor. In one shot a girl's hand gently pats another's ass. In another a fair lady's fingers stray nonchalantly to caress a neighbor's breast. All



Two bodies meld into one for the photographer's lens in 'Fine Lines.'



John Swannell's 'Fine Lines' is an exercise in calculated sensuality.

expressions are deadpan, unemotional and completely under control. But don't be fooled: Every one of these lusty ladies is totally aware of the impact she's having on you and me, the helpless viewers. A subtly stimulating book.

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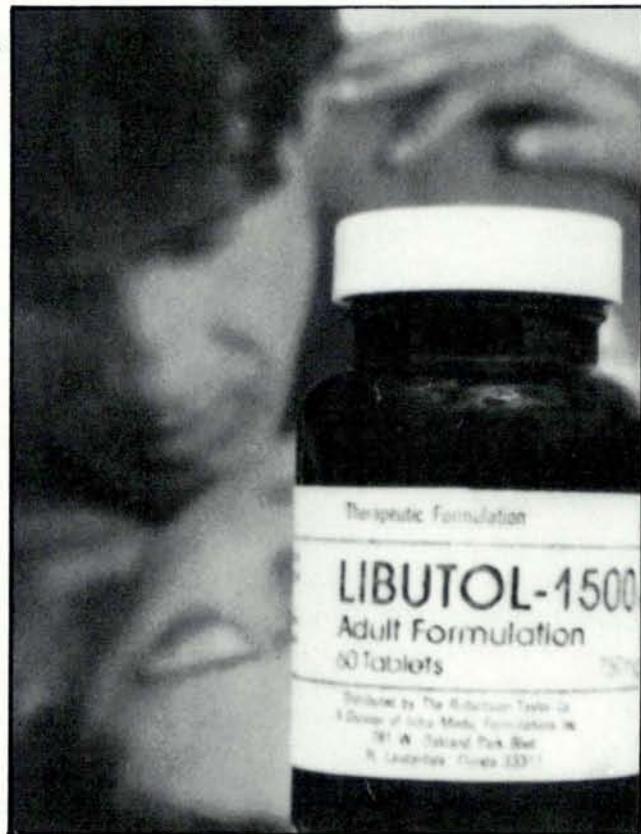
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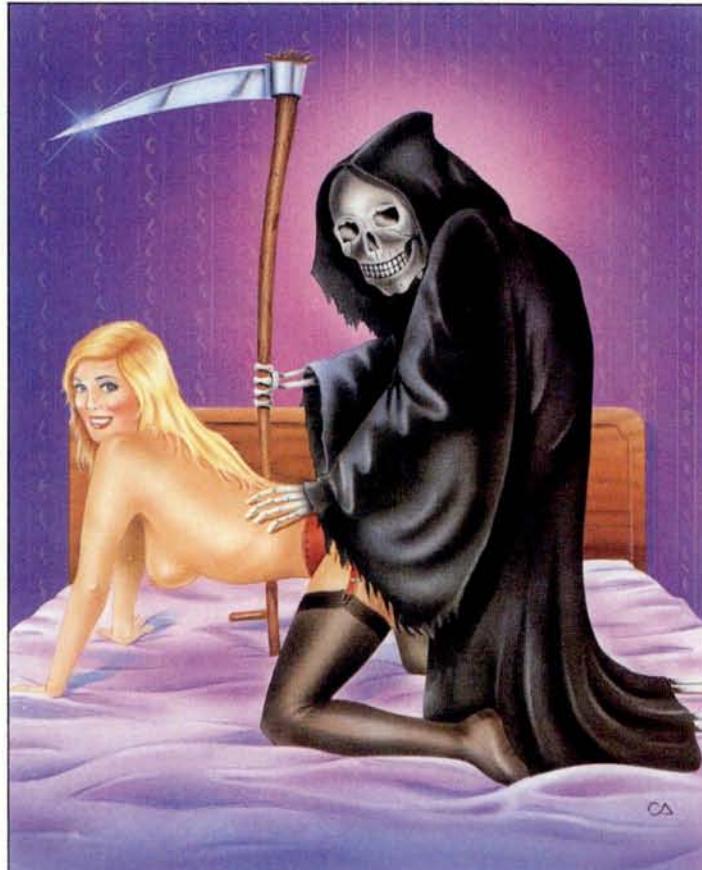
Bill Johnson entered a Los Angeles hospital in June 1981. He was 21 years old. His fast-paced lifestyle had taken him through numerous bedrooms in the previous year, and he'd been hit with a string of venereal infections—including herpes, which he'd picked up from a woman with a bisexual boyfriend. And now he'd come down with an illness he couldn't shake. He'd been running a fever for weeks and had lost 20 pounds in just a month.

Johnson's family physician admitted him to the hospital and put him on antibiotics. Two weeks later Johnson was dead, a victim of an extremely rare kind of pneumonia that usually strikes only malnourished premature infants or cancer patients. His white blood count was down to 130 from the normal 1,500: In short, his immune system had been wiped out.

Bill Johnson was one of the early victims of a mysterious new disease that's sweeping the country, a sexual killer that's already claimed more lives than toxic-shock syndrome and Legionnaire's disease combined. Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS) was originally thought to be some form of "gay cancer," because male homosexuals were the first group to be hit. But doctors now know that the sexually transmitted disease is not in itself cancer at all. It also strikes men and women, heterosexuals and homosexuals alike. To date, more than 1,000 people have contracted AIDS in this country. Dr. Harold Jaffe of the Center for Disease Control thinks the worst is still to come. "If AIDS is caused by an infectious agent, and if it is transmitted from person to person—as we think it is—it is safe to say that everyone will be at some risk to the disease," Jaffe says.

Although scientists and doctors still don't understand the exact nature of the disease, AIDS appears to be a sexually transmitted virus that attacks the body's immune system, leaving its victims defenseless against a host of infections and parasites that a healthy person has no

Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a better lover.



A.I.D.S. THE NEW SEX EPIDEMIC

by Richard J. Browning, M.D.

trouble resisting. And because AIDS wipes out the immune system, patients also lose all immunity to diseases that their body had conquered years before. That's why victims of AIDS fall prey to bizarre infections with exotic names like Kaposi's sarcoma, toxoplasmosis, cytomegalovirus and a slew of parasitical infections.

AIDS first surfaced in major cities like New York and Los Angeles, seeming to strike those who were especially promiscuous and prone to venereal disease. The typical victim had between 60 and 200 sexual partners a year and had been beset by a whole list of venereal diseases, including gonorrhea, syphilis, urethritis and herpes. Because the disease seemed

to be confined to the homosexual community, scientists at first believed that AIDS was somehow linked to the gay lifestyle.

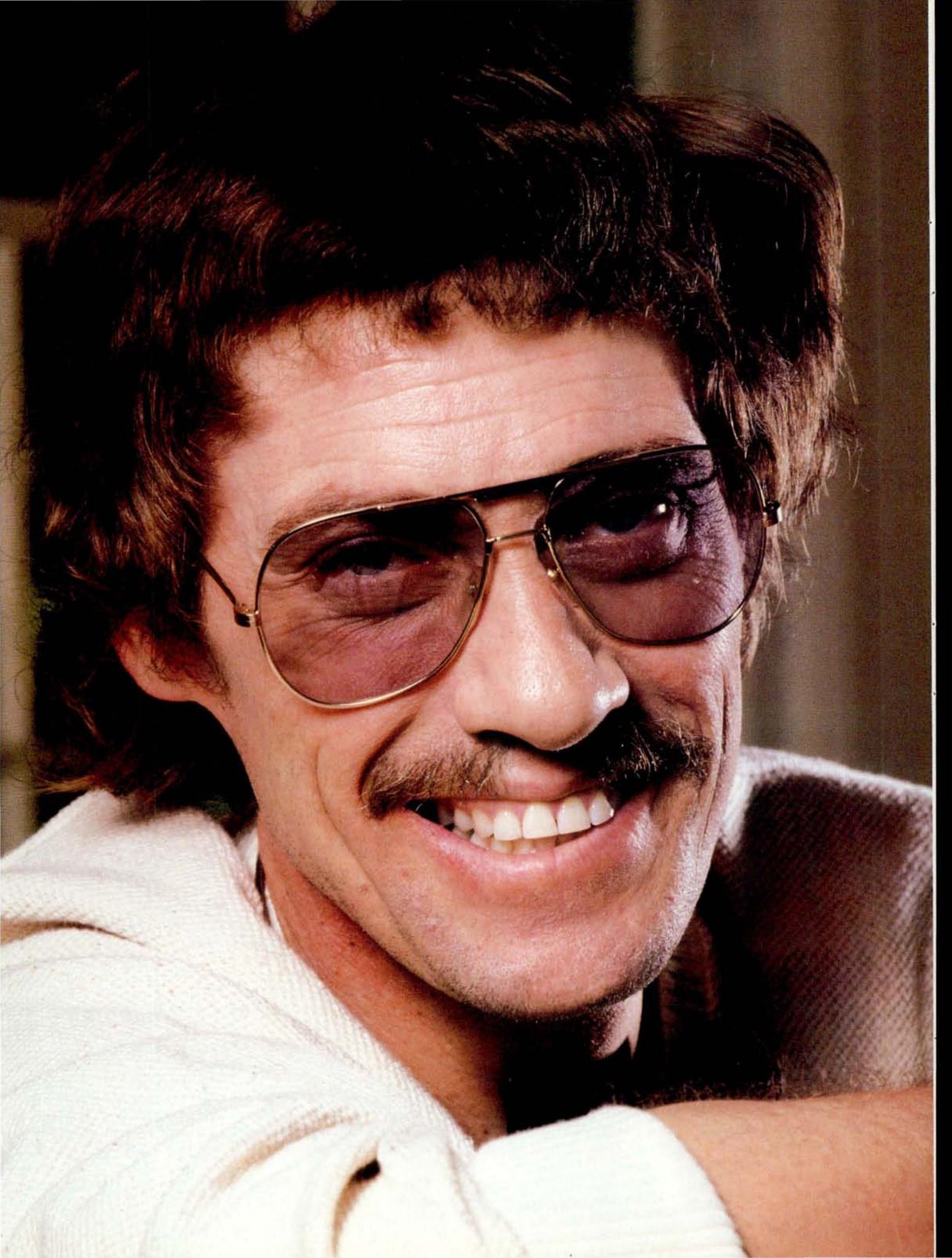
It wasn't long, however, before the Center for Disease Control began getting reports of the disease from all over the country. Investigators working on the center's special task force on AIDS began seeing incidences of the illness in an odd variety of groups, like Haitians, intravenous drug users and people who lack sufficient clotting agents in their blood (hemophiliacs).

The disease seems to be linked to poor hygiene and spread by contact with bodily fluids (especially during sexual intercourse). Even more frightening, recent evidence suggests that AIDS may be contaminating our nation's blood and plasma supplies. At least nine non-homosexual hemophiliacs have contracted AIDS, all after receiving Factor VIII, a clotting agent derived from the blood of donors. More than 22 children of Haitian parents or of mothers addicted to drugs have apparently developed AIDS, although the condition is hard to diagnose in children. And two adults in New York developed the illness after undergoing surgery and receiving blood transfusions.

Experts studying the disease at the Center for Disease Control and at hospitals around the country are still

not in agreement on what causes the illness. Some suspect excessive drug use, since so many of the gays who've contracted AIDS had used amyl and butyl nitrite ("poppers") and other narcotics, which are known to suppress immunity. However, this doesn't explain the incidence of AIDS in nondrug users like Haitians and hemophiliacs.

Since so many men who have contracted AIDS had incredibly large numbers of sexual contacts, often in the hundreds, there's a possibility that such a repeated exposure to infections might simply overwhelm the immune system. Some doctors suspect that AIDS may occur because of repeated exposure to
(continued on page 132)



JOHN HOLMES

Murder, Sex, Drugs & Jail

To passing motorists the two-bedroom home seemed as inconspicuous as hundreds of other stucco dwellings in Los Angeles' rustic Laurel Canyon. But to those who knew the occupants of 8763 Wonderland Avenue—three drug dealers and two visitors who together were spending \$6,000 a day on heroin, cocaine and various uppers and downers—it was a sure place to score a wide variety of illegal substances. At all hours of the day the house seemed to be swarming with buyers and sellers. Some were welcome, like porn-movie star John Holmes, who at the time had a \$1,000-a-day cocaine habit. Others weren't welcome at all, like those who passed through in the early hours of July 1, 1981, leaving behind four battered bodies and one savagely beaten survivor.

In the following week a strange tale of retribution and revenge emerged. Two days before the murders a robbery had taken place a few minutes' drive from 8763 Wonderland, at the lavish home of Eddie Nash, a local nightclub owner and reputed drug dealer. Nash had been born Adel Nasrallah of Arab parents in Palestine, a part of the world where pride and honor rank high and human life ranks very low. Police conjectured that the killings were in retaliation for the robbery, during which a gun accidentally went off and creased the side of Nash's 300-pound black bodyguard, Gregory Diles, and Nash dropped to his knees to pray for his life.

Information received by law-enforcement officers led them to the conclusion that the connection between the two Laurel Canyon residences was John Holmes. They were told that it

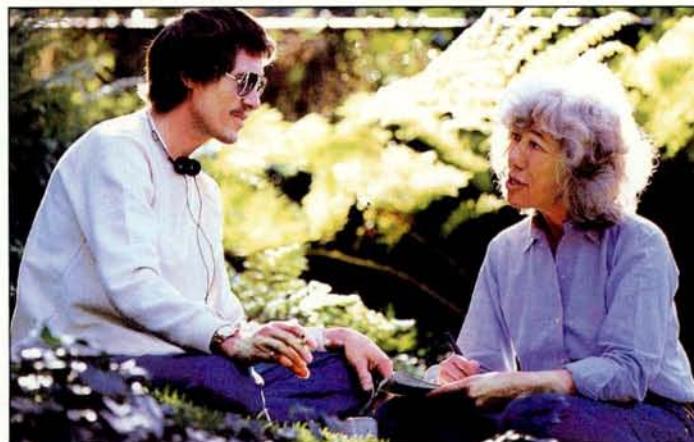
was Holmes who had set up the robbery at Eddie Nash's home and that he had also led the murderers back to the death house on Wonderland Avenue.

To give Holmes an incentive to cooperate with the police, Los Angeles District Attorney John Van de Kamp offered him immunity from prosecution and protection if he would reveal all he knew about the murders. Although Holmes' statement exonerating Nash did not satisfy the police, he was still released.

Those few days were troubling ones for Holmes. His address books had been confiscated by people who threatened to murder members of his family, friends and business associates if he told what he knew. He was shot at twice. Clearly, it was time for a change of scenery. With his girlfriend and his Chihuahua, Thor, Holmes jumped into his old Chevrolet Malibu and disappeared.

Five months later Holmes was lying in bed watching a *Gilligan's Island* rerun in his

by Barbara Wilkins



Porn's biggest star tells all to HUSTLER interviewer Barbara Wilkins.

room at the Miami, Florida, motel where he had been working as a construction laborer and handyman. Suddenly, members of the local SWAT team and two L.A. Police Department detectives burst through the door and took him away in handcuffs.

Back in Los Angeles, Holmes was again offered immunity and protection if he would cooperate with authorities. But he continued to refuse, pointing out that to cooperate would jeopardize the lives of his family, friends and business associates.

With no one else to prosecute, D. A. John Van de Kamp decided to go after Holmes. He was charged with four counts of murder and one of attempted murder, based on flimsy evidence: two of his fingerprints on a glass table at the murder scene and a palmprint on the headboard of the bed in which Ron Lau-nius was found, a bed in which Holmes himself had often slept.

Holmes never testified during his June 1982 trial. His attorneys, Earl Hanson and Mitchell Egers, offered in his defense only a closing statement. When Holmes was acquitted of all charges, the matter should have ended. This is America, after all. If a person is accused of a crime, tried and acquitted, he is freed.

Unless he is John Holmes. As soon as he was acquitted, Holmes was subpoenaed to appear before the L.A. County Grand Jury to answer the same questions for which he had risked life imprisonment rather than answer.

Holmes now had two options. He could talk to the grand jury and possibly cause his own death; or he could refuse to an-

swer and be held in contempt of court. Refusing to talk, he was returned to his jail cell.

Time and again in the next few months he was taken to a waiting van, his hands manacled, to appear before Superior Court Judge Julius A. Leetham. Each time, after failing to testify, he was again held in contempt and sent back to jail. (Persons held in contempt of court are not allowed to post bail.)

Holmes went on a hunger strike to protest his plight—losing 16 pounds in 32 days. The strike ended when his jailers decided it was time to strap him down, shove a tube down his throat and force-feed him.

While Holmes was behind bars, prayer groups were formed, petitions were circulated and hundreds of signatures were gathered to protest the porn star's treatment, including those of jurors who had acquitted him of all charges.

After 110 days behind bars the pale and haggard John Holmes finally told the Los Angeles County Grand Jury everything he knew about the Laurel Canyon murders. And on November 22, 1982, he became a free man. On the same day and in the same court, Eddie Nash was convicted of possession for sale of a million dollars' worth of cocaine and sentenced to eight years in prison and fined \$120,000.

During Holmes' lengthy incarceration he spent four evenings a week working with writer Barbara Wilkins on his autobiography.

HUSTLER asked Wilkins to talk further with Holmes about his ordeal, past exploits and future aspirations.

HUSTLER: Your name is synonymous with hard-core movies that until recent years were regarded as sleazy and depraved. Does that reputation bother you?

HOLMES: No, because I am willing to face up to who and what I am. I am a sexual professional, just as another professional person might be a tennis player, a doctor or a certified public accountant. But instead of a racket or a stethoscope or a set of tax manuals, I have a cock 14 inches long and as round as my forearm six inches above the wrist. That's my primary tool, and I've used it to have sexual intercourse with approximately 14,000 women.

Many of them are my tricks—the very wealthy females who pay me when I work as a male whore. Many of them were clients at an orgy house in the Hollywood Hills where, as the star attraction, I received a percentage of the profits. Twelve of these women, all married and with the approval of their husbands, are mothers of children I have sired—each for a large fee. Twenty or 25 of these women were female whores whom I paid to have sex with me. And many of these women have performed sexually with me in the more than 2,000 porno-

graphic movies in which I've appeared.

HUSTLER: Why have you been constantly in demand for such films?

HOLMES: I can keep an erection almost indefinitely. In a porno movie a four-minute sex scene on the screen means that I have maintained an erection for the five hours it took to shoot it, dripping sweat under klieg lights hot enough to drive the temperature on a set up to 104°. I can also keep an erection straddling a girl at the edge of a cliff, looking down at 300 feet of nothing, with my knees bleeding from the sandstone surface. I come on cue.

HUSTLER: Can you give an example?

HOLMES: One of the films I made was called *Dancing Ladies*. I played the role of a doctor who moves into a new apartment. All of the housewives in the building are after him. Four women played the housewives. Four other men on the shoot played their husbands. Each of these men had two cum-shots—a cum-shot meaning a close-up of an external orgasm. But none of the other men were functioning sexually that day. They played their characters, and I did all the cum scenes—nine of them in eight hours. Staying in control has always been the most important thing in my life.

HUSTLER: Have you ever been out of control?

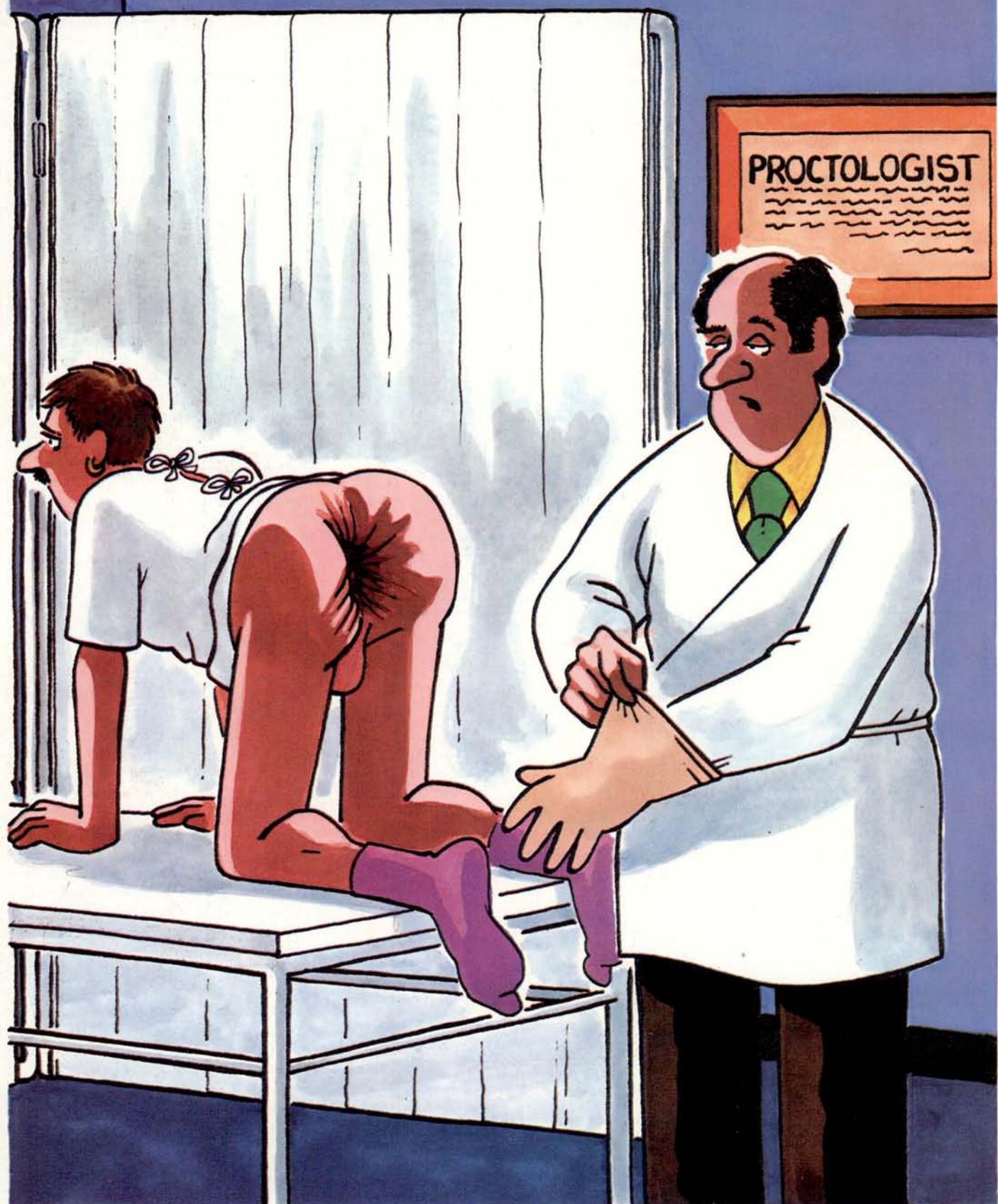
HOLMES: The only time was when I was freebasing cocaine. In less than two years I smoked away a couple of apartment buildings I owned, my house, my antique store, my hardware store and my career. I stayed up for as long as ten days at a time. If I ate at all, it was half of a taco from the Taco Bell drive-in every four days. When I looked in a full-length mirror, what I saw could have been liberated the day before from a Nazi concentration camp. I went from 170 pounds to 142 pounds. I was so emaciated, I couldn't shoot movies anymore. I hadn't had sex in six months, and all my wealthy female tricks were gone.

Not only had I smoked away more than three-quarters of a million dollars, I had degenerated into a gofer—running around selling drugs to some people so sleazy, I would have crossed the street to avoid them in the past. I sold five ounces of cocaine a day to rock stars, murderers, dentists, restaurant owners, burglars, hitmen for the Mafia, attorneys, producers, directors—anybody who was buying. I was paid each day with a marble-size rock of freebase which was worth \$1,000. That adds up to \$365,000 a year. I smoked it all. I even had to borrow money for gas. I was a drug addict.

HUSTLER: When did you get started with drugs?



DAWNE TINSLY.



"So, Mr. Frank, how was your trip to San Francisco?"

HOLMES: I did cocaine for the first time in 1979, after turning it down two or three times a day for ten years. Someone with whom I was co-producing five films offered me cocaine on the average of twice a day. I finally thought, *Oh, well, I've done everything but beat dogs; why not?* It had an awful, medicinal taste, like licking the floor in a doctor's office. For the six months after that I was doing about \$500 worth of coke a week, not much by Hollywood standards. I stayed awake more, and I seemed to get more done. I must have liked it, because I kept doing it. I was having sex less frequently, and I really shot to hell all my tricks, but I thought, *Screw it. I'll use the energy for the films.*

HUSTLER: Where did you get drugs?

HOLMES: My cocaine supplier was a member of the Lavender Hill Mob—the Gay Mafia in Los Angeles. One night he ran out of cocaine. That was the night I met Eddie Nash. He was a skinny Arab who sat on a sofa wearing only a pair of red bikini briefs and smoking freebase cocaine from a water pipe. There were four or five nude teenyboppers running around, along with a 300-pound black monster named Gregory Diles, who was Nash's bodyguard. Eddie offered me a free hit on the water pipe. It was free the next few times I got cocaine from him too. He must have invested \$10,000

worth of coke in me. Once I was hooked, I started to pay. He got around three-quarters of a million dollars of my money back on his investment.

HUSTLER: Did you have any other drug connections?

HOLMES: Yes, I also bought cocaine from the people on Wonderland Avenue. They were heroin addicts who lived in an armed camp. They had two stolen antique guns worth \$25,000, which I took to Nash in exchange for \$1,000 worth of heroin. All they had to do to get the guns back was come up with the \$1,000. But whenever they got enough money, they'd always call another connection and spend the money with him.

So the guns were with Nash for a week, then two weeks, then six weeks. Eddie wanted his money, the people on Wonderland wanted their guns back, and I was right there in the middle.

That was when the people on Wonderland got the idea to rob Eddie Nash. They were going to break into his house, rob the place and kill everyone there. I knew if I told Eddie about it, he would send over his people, and it would be the people on Wonderland who would be killed. I was between a rock and a hard place. So I agreed to leave a sliding glass door open at Eddie Nash's house if the people on Wonderland Avenue would guarantee that nobody would be hurt.

They robbed Eddie Nash and brought back heroin, cocaine, jewelry, \$10,000 in cash and the antique guns. The day after the robbery I was tortured for 14 hours by Nash and eight of his bodyguards while 60 or 70 people walked through his house making their regular drug buys. I sat in a room off the entry hall, my hands bound with black electrical tape. Blood was pouring from my mouth where Eddie had hit me with a gun. Nobody waved hello. Early the next morning four people were beaten to death on Wonderland Avenue, and another woman was left for dead.

HUSTLER: After refusing to tell the grand jury exactly what you witnessed on Wonderland, you spent 110 days in jail before deciding to testify. What made you change your mind?

HOLMES: I received a communication from the people who had previously threatened my life if I testified. They told me to go ahead. If I hadn't done so, the court could have kept me in jail forever. I had no rights, no bail, no privileges. The law didn't apply to me. The fact that the court can throw *anyone* in jail and forget about him is not only a dehumanizing experience, it's an absolute outrage.

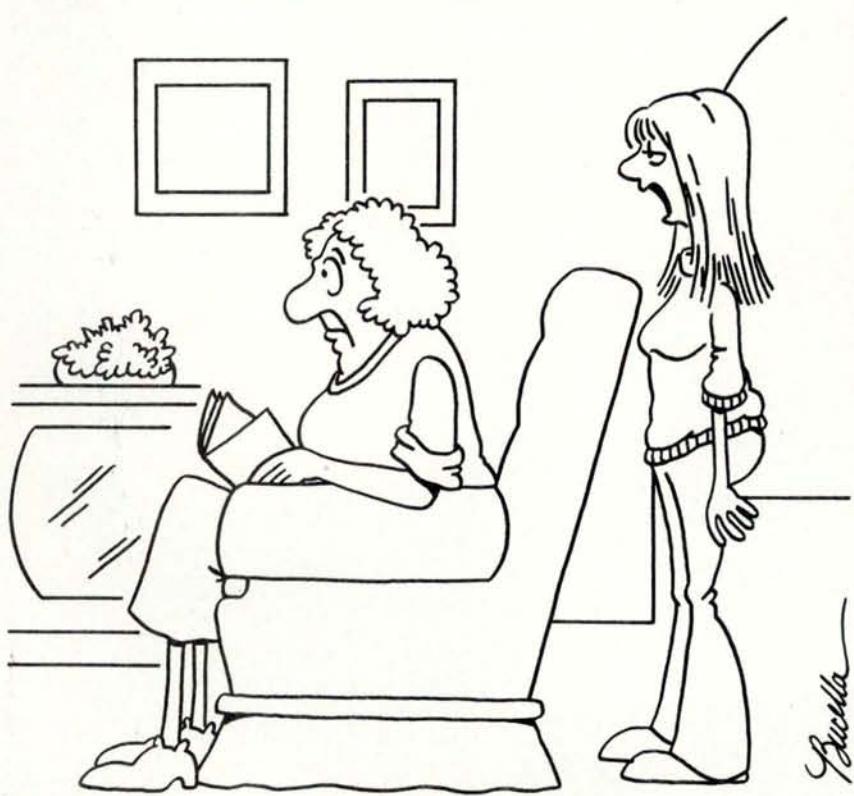
If you're serving 90 days or five years, each day that goes by is one day closer to the time you can walk away. With me, the judge said I held the key to my own freedom. He told me that I could walk out anytime I wanted. All I had to do was agree to participate in my own murder and the murders of my family, friends and business associates. That was like purgatory. That was punishment worse than a sentence.

HUSTLER: How did you deal with the prospect of being jailed permanently?

HOLMES: The thought of spending any amount of time without freedom was mind-boggling. During the trial I had a razor smuggled into prison and was more than prepared to kill myself if I was found guilty. I was planning on cutting my jugular vein. It only takes six minutes that way. The same day I was found not guilty, I was ready to kill myself that evening.

HUSTLER: What was it like in jail after you were held in contempt?

HOLMES: I was in what is called the "High Power" section where they stick newsworthy people who, if they are injured in jail, could be an embarrassment to the county. Bad things happen to people in jail all the time. They're raped, killed, stabbed and robbed—and you never hear about it. But if somebody is in the newspapers two or three times a week and he comes into court with his arm in a sling or his neck in a brace, there are going to be questions from the



"If you let a boy kiss you on the first date, on which date should you swallow his cum?"



"It's been three minutes already—aren't you done yet?"

press. So people like that are put into a protective situation.

Most inmates are incarcerated in what is called the "Main Line," six prisoners to a cell. Everyone in High Power has his own cell so nothing can happen to him that might prove embarrassing. Just about everybody in High Power was accused of mass murder. Everybody had been in and out of jail for years, except me. I was the one with a contract out on my life. So when we had to go to court, none of them would ride in the same van with me. In High Power you go everywhere in handcuffs, accompanied by a deputy. I had no physical contact with anybody at all. The first time I was able to shake my attorney's hand was a sensory shock.

HUSTLER: Who were some of the other inmates in High Power?

HOLMES: The "Skid Row Slasher," who had murdered 11 winos as they slept on downtown Los Angeles streets. Kenneth Bianchi, the "Hillside Strangler," who had murdered 11 women; and Angelo Buono, his cousin. There was one guy who had sexually molested his own two little boys, killed them and then burned his house down. The head of the Black Mafia in Los Angeles was there. So was the guy from the Israeli Mafia who was convicted of dismembering two people at the Bonaventure Hotel. He was as

nice a guy as you'd want to meet. I also played gin rummy through the bars of my cell with a kid awaiting trial after turning evidence against the "Freeway Killer," William Bonin, who had tortured and murdered 21 boys in Orange County and Los Angeles.

HUSTLER: Since everyone was confined to his own cell, how did you communicate with other prisoners?

HOLMES: There is a oneway mirror that runs the entire length of the tier. You can look through the mirror and catch the reflection of the guy next to you. The mirror is about ten feet away; so it's always like you're talking to somebody ten feet away. When I first got out of jail, it was difficult talking to somebody up close.

HUSTLER: What was your cell like?

HOLMES: It was nine feet by 12 feet long. In that space there was a bunk, a small desk with a stool, and a toilet. All I could do was pace around four feet and then turn around and pace four feet back. There was no television, no newspapers, no magazines. I had paperbacks smuggled in. I wrote quite a bit—poetry and short stories. All during the day, the radio was broadcast over loudspeakers throughout the tier. There were three different shifts of deputies; if a black officer was on duty, you'd listen to black music on the radio. If it was a Mexican

officer, you'd listen to Mexican music. During the sports season there was baseball, football, all the nauseating athletic bullshit. I usually stuck toilet paper in my ears, or tried to read or write. When I got real bored, I flushed the toilet. And I cleaned my cell once a day for exercise.

HUSTLER: Was that your only exercise?

HOLMES: No, I also did yoga and calisthenics. And once a day, for 45 minutes, I did Transcendental Meditation. To make the point that my being in prison was punishment and not coercion, I complained to the grand jury that jail conditions were atrocious—really horrible. They said they would investigate. One Friday the grand jury came down by bus and toured the entire jail facility. The only thing that came out of it was that the grand jurors, all being over 70, were shocked at the *Penthouse* and *Playboy* and **HUSTLER** pictures hanging all over the walls of other cells. So they had all of those magazines removed.

HUSTLER: What about the pictures on your wall?

HOLMES: They weren't interested. I had pictures of food. I hated prison meals so much that I would cut pictures of casseroles from the food sections of magazines.

HUSTLER: What was your routine in jail?

HOLMES: Breakfast was at 5:30. It was either pancakes with no syrup, French toast with no syrup, five different kinds of prepared eggs, or "shit on a shingle"—chipped beef and gravy on toast. We had lima beans three times a day. The prison honor ranch had planted a bumper crop of lima beans; so we were lima-beaned to death. There were lima beans in stew, in Jell-O, in corn, and creamed lima beans. Other prisoners had pet mice and rats. I had a pet cockroach that I used as a food taster. When he wouldn't eat, I wouldn't eat. He wouldn't touch about half the food in there. The three things I missed most in jail were food, freedom and sex.

HUSTLER: How did you deal with the lack of sex?

HOLMES: Badly. I hadn't had a wet dream since I was 16, but I returned to them in prison. You build up so much sexual pressure and tension that your subconscious releases it in your sleep—all over your jumpsuit.

HUSTLER: Were these erotic dreams?

HOLMES: Sure. You don't have wet dreams thinking about Chevrolets.

HUSTLER: Were the dreams about specific people in your past?

HOLMES: Of course. It's tough to come up with ones in your future.

HUSTLER: Did anyone make sexual
(continued on page 46)



"Why don't you take the born-again Christians from now on? Those fanatical bastards are driving me crazy!"

HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC



PAULA
private study



I know it sounds crazy," says Paula, "but I think curling up with a good book is incredibly sexy." That's why this luscious 20-year-old asked to be photographed in the room where she does all her studying. "It's really a den, but I consider it my private study," she says. "I like to hole up here all by myself and enjoy a little fantasizing. With a book, I can be with anyone I want, anytime and anyplace I want." Moving from the cool leather chair to the soft fur rug on the floor, she adds: "Books are kind of like sexual time machines for me." But there's more to Paula's life than just reading. "I'm keeping my eyes open for a real man," she confides, "but he doesn't have to be a bookworm to satisfy me...."











INTERVIEW: JOHN HOLMES

(continued from page 38)

advances toward you in jail?

HOLMES: Well, the deputies would stand around and watch me shower. It wasn't exactly a sexual advance; it was kind of like a curiosity. They'd walk into the shower, stand there, stare at me, drool and leave. When I was a kid, going out for football, track and the high jump, it was in the gymnasium shower that I started to get known for the size of my cock. The other kids called me "Horse Dick." Many years before, the doctor who delivered me told my mother that I had three legs and only two feet.

HUSTLER: We hear a great deal about homosexuality in correctional institutions. Did you see any evidence of such behavior?

HOLMES: In High Power there was no sex, since everybody had an individual cell and it was one man out at a time. If you got close enough to many of these prisoners' bars, they'd kill you—they wouldn't try to kiss you. But on the Main Line, where they had six men in a cell, there was quite a bit of forced sexuality. People came past High Power on stretchers, lying on their stomachs with bloody sheets around their asses. They'd been raped in the Main Line. Sexual molestations and stabbings increased

when the air conditioning went out for nine days while I was there. In jail they find that the higher the degree of temperature, the higher the degree of violence. So they keep you very cold in a constant, controlled environment. Male prostitutes were also available in the Main Line. Put somebody who is bisexual in prison, and if he wants a cigarette bad enough, he'll become sexually involved with someone.

HUSTLER: Where did you get items like cigarettes?

HOLMES: There was a rolling cart that came by twice a week with cigarettes, cards, toothpaste, that sort of thing. Visitors are not allowed to bring anything into jail except money. Not even books. A page can be taken out of a paperback, soaked in LSD and cut into a hundred squares. A square of acid is worth ten bucks in jail. Actually, you can get just about anything you want; it's just tough to do it. Many people hide hypodermic-needle kits in their cells. There's cocaine, heroin, acid, Quaaludes, speed.

HUSTLER: Where do these drugs come from?

HOLMES: I don't feel that I can tell that because prison officials could put a stop to it. I so resent the inactivity in jail that I wouldn't do anything to harm the recreational drug trade that goes on there.

HUSTLER: You mentioned everything except grass.

HOLMES: There's plenty of grass. What you do is smoke it at night so the deputies won't smell it. The lights go out at ten. They do a 10:30 bed check, and they don't come back until 2 o'clock in the morning. When you smoke, it disperses into the air-conditioning filter. People start to scream at night too. It turns into a small jungle, an after-hours zoo. The militant blacks do exercise in cadence, counting in booming, shattering voices.

HUSTLER: How did you get along with the deputies?

HOLMES: I must have come in contact with 500 of them, but there were only two that I resented. They didn't personally treat me badly, but I watched how they treated other people—body-slams, elbow-slams in the face, breaking people's faces and noses, caving ribs, stomping people half to death. They would take PCP drug victims who were totally on another planet and jump up and down on their rib cages. High Power was on the way to the hospital from Main Line. When we saw gurneys [beds on wheels] go by, it was bloody time. People were just pulp on their way to the hospital.

HUSTLER: Were you ever threatened or abused?

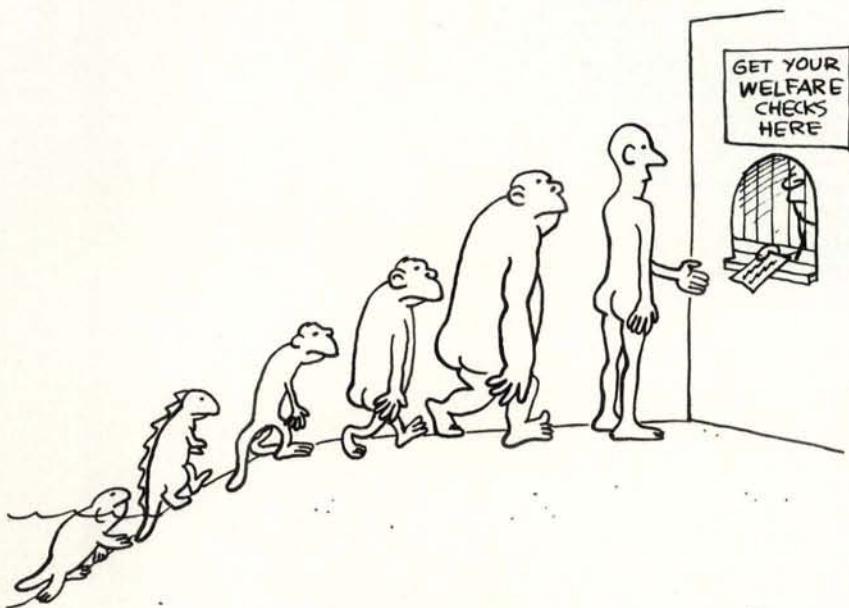
HOLMES: Only by other prisoners. Newspapers and magazines rolled up tightly make weapons like a wooden club, and several times I was swung at. But I was lucky enough to stay out of range. Once, I had my arm wrapped around a cell bar, and somebody tried to take my eye out with a pencil. I came away unscathed. I had no trouble with the deputies because I can pretty much get along with anybody. I'm a totally nonviolent person. I never put a deputy into a position where he could get angry with me. I was always friendly, always had a kind word. In fact, most of the deputies brought in their porno video tapes or 8mm box collections or porno playing cards, and I signed thousands of autographs for them. During my trial I also had male and female judges ask for autographs, along with district attorneys and secretaries. In the past I've signed panties and bras, as well as the usual matchbook covers. A couple once came up to me on Hollywood Boulevard and the guy said, "We're going to a swing party. Sign my wife's tit." We went into an alley, and I did.

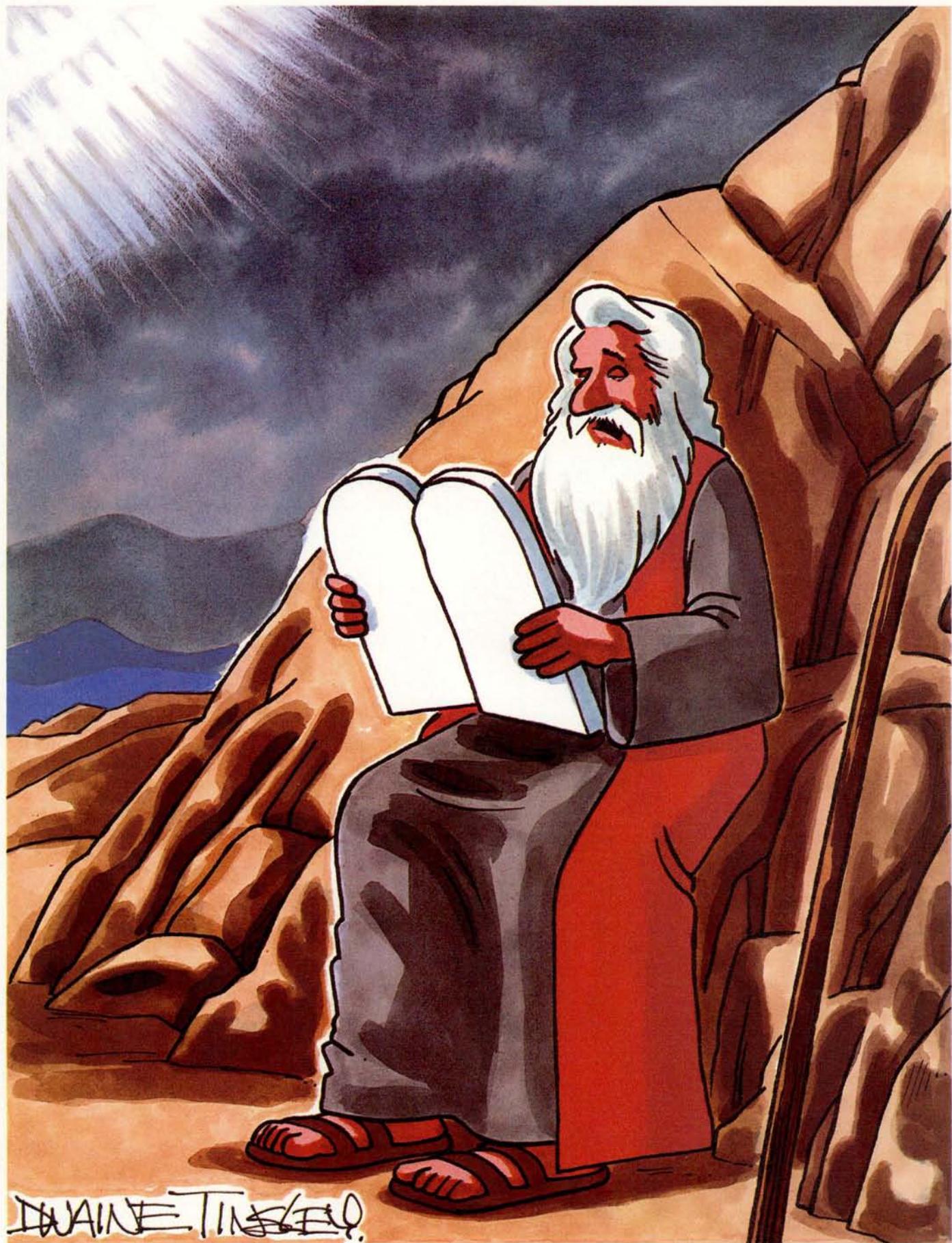
HUSTLER: How often did you leave your cell?

HOLMES: Other than the times I met with the one visitor a day they allow or with my attorneys, I worked as a trusty

(continued on page 130)

THE EVOLUTION OF MAN





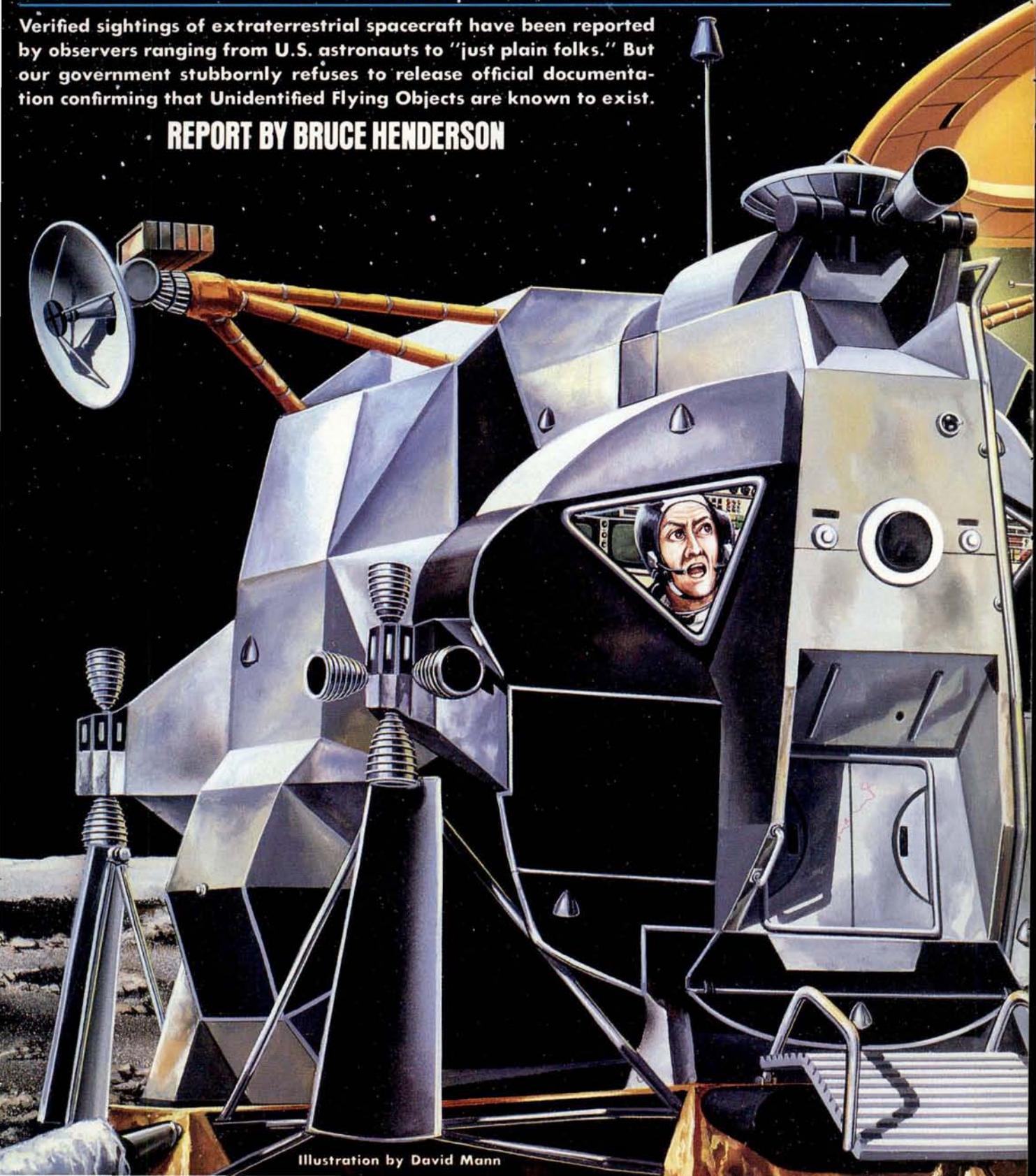
"Too preachy—needs a rewrite!"

THE UFO COVERUP

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT WON'T TELL YOU

Verified sightings of extraterrestrial spacecraft have been reported by observers ranging from U.S. astronauts to "just plain folks." But our government stubbornly refuses to release official documentation confirming that Unidentified Flying Objects are known to exist.

REPORT BY BRUCE HENDERSON





Approaching the moon during America's historic 1969 space mission, astronauts Neil Armstrong, Michael Collins and Buzz Aldrin could hardly believe their eyes. As they squinted through the windows of the *Apollo 11* spacecraft, each of them spotted two unidentified flying objects and what appeared to be a long cylinder hovering above the lunar surface.

Several minutes later, when the space vehicle touched down inside a moon crater, the two UFOs again appeared—this time on the crater's rim. Aldrin grabbed his motorized Nikon camera and snapped off a burst of photographs before the UFOs took flight. These pictures have never been released to the public by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA). The following exchange between Aldrin and NASA Mission Control—only recently revealed by an "inside" NASA source—has also been officially suppressed:

Aldrin: "What was it? . . . What the hell was it? That's all I want to know."

Mission Control: "What's there? . . .

Aldrin: "These babies were huge, sir, enormous. . . . Oh, God, you wouldn't believe it! . . . I'm telling you, there are other spacecraft out here. . . . lined up on the far side of the crater edge. . . . They're on the moon watching us. . . ."

This was not the first time, nor the

last, that American astronauts have shared outer space with UFOs. Maurice Chatelain, a designer of the Apollo spacecraft and the author of *Our Ancestors Came From Outer Space*, is convinced that over the years, a number of U.S. astronauts have encountered UFOs in space.

But these events have been kept mostly top secret and have been censored, changed, debunked or simply ignored by government officials. Basing his information on reliable inside sources at NASA, Chatelain has developed the following list of UFO sightings by American astronauts:

★ *Mercury 9*—May 16, 1963. Over Hawaii, listening on a special frequency, astronaut L. Gordon Cooper Jr. picked up voices speaking in a language later examined on tape and found to belong to no known Earth language. Passing over Australia, he saw a large UFO that was also spotted by tracking stations.

★ *Gemini 4*—June 3, 1964. A spacecraft manned by James A. McDivitt and Edward H. White II almost collided with a silvery cylinder over Hawaii. They photographed this object, which left a luminous trail in its wake.

★ *Gemini 7*—December 4, 1965. Astronauts Frank Borman and James A. Lovell Jr. took pictures of an enormous UFO that was following their capsule.

★ *Gemini 9*—June 3, 1966. Astronauts Thomas P. Stafford and Eugene A. Cernan noticed that their spacecraft was being followed after blastoff by many UFOs, which were also monitored by ground personnel.

★ *Gemini 10*—July 18, 1966. John W. Young and Michael Collins reported seeing two UFOs. The objects disappeared when the astronauts asked a ground station for radar observation. Later, a huge object described as "not a planet or planetoid" was observed.

★ *Apollo 8*—December 21, 1968. Astronauts Borman, Lovell and William A. Anders sighted disk-shaped UFOs as their capsule circled the moon. "We have been informed that Santa Claus does exist," joked one of them to Mission Control. They also picked up a strange voice communication.

★ *Apollo 10*—May 18-26, 1969. Astronauts Stafford, Young and Cernan sighted two UFOs during their lunar mission.

★ *Apollo 17*—December 7-9, 1972. During their flight to the moon, astronauts Cernan, Ronald E. Evans and Harrison H. Schmitt spotted UFOs.

Presumably still following orders, several of these astronauts have flatly denied sighting UFOs while in space. But Maurice Chatelain insists: "Apollo and Gemini flights were followed, both at a distance and sometimes . . . quite closely, by space vehicles of extraterrestrial origin. Every time it occurred, the astronauts informed Mission Control, who then ordered absolute silence."

Chatelain is not the only scientist frustrated by the U.S. government's lack of honesty on the UFO issue. Sixteen years ago a soft-spoken, pipe-smoking college professor admitted to a Congressional committee that he had been duped by the U.S. Air Force into downplaying UFO sightings. What made this testimony so remarkable was the man's credentials. He was Dr. J. Allen Hynek, then chairman of the astronomy department at Northwestern University and director of Project Blue Book—the Air Force's official investigation into UFOs.

Since June 24, 1947, when pilot Kenneth Arnold sighted nine disk-shaped objects over Washington's Mt. Rainier and added the term *flying saucer* to our vocabulary, the military and government have continually assured the public that UFOs are explainable, that they are sunspots, stars, weather balloons, airplanes, meteorites—anything but *unidentified* flying objects.

For 17 long years Hynek went along with this line, as did many other members of the scientific community. But his role as an Air Force mouthpiece ended



"... And bless that man at the playground today who let me rub his thingie!"

government possesses actual physical evidence that would prove once and for all that we have had visitors from outer space.

To piece together what really happened, Berlitz and Moore interviewed dozens of people with firsthand knowledge of the incident. On July 2, 1947, at approximately 9:50 p.m., what appeared to be a flying saucer passed over Roswell, New Mexico, heading northwest at a high rate of speed.

Just north of Roswell the saucer ran into a lightning storm, made a course correction to the south-southwest, was struck by a lightning bolt and suffered severe damage. A great quantity of wreckage fell to the ground. The saucer itself, although stricken, managed to remain airborne long enough to get over a mountain range before crashing west of Socorro, New Mexico.

Rancher W.W. "Mac" Brazel (now deceased) found some unusual debris on his pastureland the next day. When he reported his discovery to the authorities, military personnel quickly came to inspect the mysterious chunks of material. The following statement was released on July 8, 1947, by the Roswell Army Air Base public-information officer:

The many rumors regarding the flying disk became a reality yesterday when the intelligence office of the 509th Bomb Group of

the Eighth Air Force, Roswell Army Air Field, was fortunate enough to gain possession of a disk through the cooperation of one of the local ranchers and the sheriff's office of Chaves County. The flying object landed on a ranch near Roswell last week. Not having phone facilities, the rancher stored the disk until such time as he was able to contact the sheriff's office, who in turn notified Major Jesse A. Marcel of the 509th Bomb Group Intelligence Office.

Action was immediately taken, and the disk was picked up at the rancher's home. It was inspected at the Roswell Army Air Field and subsequently loaned by Major Marcel to higher headquarters.

Shortly after newspapers picked up the story, the military put out a correction, stating that the material was nothing more than a downed weather balloon. News photographers were quickly called into the office of Brigadier General Roger M. Ramey, commander of the Eighth Air Force, and allowed to photograph what was obviously balloon material. Rancher Brazel, according to his son Bill, was warned by military officers that it would have been "unpatriotic" for him to talk about what he had found.

Major (later Lieutenant Colonel) Marcel, located by authors Berlitz and Moore, admitted that the debris collected on the ranch was in a cargo plane on its way to another military base when

the photographers were taking pictures of the substituted material.

"It was [the late] General Ramey who put up the cover story about the balloon just to get the press off our backs.... The [real] material I saw [from the crash site] was from no weather balloon.... The pieces of metal were so thin, just like the tinfoil in a pack of cigarettes... but you couldn't bend it. I even tried it with a sledgehammer.

"[Some of it] had symbols that we had to call hieroglyphics because I could not understand them. They could not be read. They were just like symbols, something that meant something, and they were not all the same; but the same general pattern. They were pink and purple. They looked like they were painted on. These little numbers could not be broken, could not be burned. I even took my cigarette lighter and tried to burn the material we found that resembled balsa [wood], but it would not burn—wouldn't even smoke."

At the crash site near Socorro an even stranger discovery was later made by Grady L. "Barney" Barnett, an engineer for the U.S. Soil Conservation Service and a World War I veteran. Barnett told his good friends Mr. and Mrs. L. W. "Vern" Maltais what he had found there on the morning of July 3, 1947.

"Light reflecting off some sort of large metallic object caught my eye. Thinking that a plane may have crashed during the night, I went over to where it was....

...By the time I got there, I realized it wasn't a plane at all, but some sort of metallic, disk-shaped object about 30 feet across. While I was looking at it and trying to decide what it was, some other people came up from the other direction and began looking at it too....

"I noticed that they were standing around looking at some dead bodies that had fallen to the ground.... I tried to get close to see what the bodies were like. They were all dead as far as I could see, and there were bodies inside and outside the vehicle....

"They were like humans, but they were not humans. The heads were round, the eyes were small, and they had no hair. The eyes were oddly spaced. They were quite small by our standards, and their heads were larger in proportion to their bodies than ours.

"Their clothing seemed to be one-piece and gray in color. You couldn't see any zippers, belts or buttons. They seemed to me to be all males, and there were a number of them. I was close enough to touch them, but I didn't. I was escorted away before I could look at them anymore.

"While we were looking at them, a military officer drove up in a truck with



"The shrink says to share my wife's interests. You want a blowjob?"

with the infamous "swamp gas affair" in March 1966, when he joined Air Force personnel in investigating a Michigan UFO sighting. Reading from a prepared official statement, the professor later told a Detroit press conference that the witnesses had seen not a UFO but the strange effects of swamp gas.

To a public already skeptical of weak explanations for UFO sightings, the "swamp gas" theory became a national joke. Feeling like a puppet and tired of the military's constant and unobjective effort of making "rational" explanations for *every* UFO sighting, Hynek went before the Congressional committee with a statement that he insisted was certainly not dictated by the Air Force.

According to one historian, his attack of Project Blue Book as being prejudiced and thoroughly inadequate was "the turning point in the UFO controversy." Left without Hynek's reputation and support, the Air Force closed down Project Blue Book, and there has not been an official U.S. government investigation into UFOs since.

"When I first started with the Air Force, I firmly believed that UFOs were a fad that would disappear like any other fad," Hynek admits. "But of course, they didn't. The reports continued, however desperately [the military] attempted to banish, bury or belittle them. The Air Force was puzzled by UFOs, and when the military is puzzled, its tactic is always to classify [as secret], at least until it's sure of its ground.... It's not good for the Air Force image to have to admit that there are things flying in the atmosphere that it can't explain or do anything about. So it was easier for the Air Force to say that UFOs were a lot of malarkey."

In 1973 Hynek established the Center for UFO Studies in Evanston, Illinois, to receive and investigate—with an open mind—UFO-sighting reports from around the world.

Of the some 1,000 UFO sightings reported to the center each year, surprisingly few are crank calls. Using local police officials as primary sources, 90% of the reports turn out to be IFOs (identified flying objects), such as balloons, blimps, birds or that old standby, Venus. Approximately 100 sightings a year remain unsolved. And some of them, Hynek believes, may be the real thing.

Additional indications of a government coverup involving UFOs are recounted in *The Roswell Incident*, a chilling report of the long-rumored but often-denied crash of an extraterrestrial spacecraft in New Mexico. Using documents obtained under the Freedom of Information Act, authors Charles Berlitz and William L. Moore contend the

"I Have Seen a UFO"

I am not crazy. I don't abuse drugs. So please bear with me when I say that like thousands of other often-misunderstood Americans, I have seen a UFO.

It happened in 1966, during the Vietnam War, a few years before I became an investigative journalist. I was in the U.S. Navy, serving at sea aboard the aircraft carrier USS *Ranger*. One of my duties was to deliver weather bulletins to the top-secret Intelligence Operations and Communications Center (IOCC).

One night I stepped into the eerie, red-lit IOCC, the hub of all communications between the ship and its aircraft once they roared off the flight deck above. Immediately, I knew something was not right. Men wearing headsets were speaking in hushed tones, and others were intently scanning the numerous radar screens.

At this moment the 85,000-ton ship, with its crew of 5,000 men and complement of 100 aircraft, was still a few hundred miles from "Yankee Point" in the South China Sea. That was where, in a few days, we would launch air strikes against the enemy in North Vietnam. "Charlie Flight, come in," a communications man said into his mouthpiece. "Mother Hen to Charlie Flight, please acknowledge."

"What's up?" I whispered to a petty officer standing next to me.

"We scrambled two F-4s to check out a bogey," he said softly, meaning that two supersonic fighters had been sent on an emergency mission to observe an unidentified flying object.

The IOCC radarman in front of me abruptly yelled, "Bogey on collision course with Charlie Flight!"

As two officers hurried over, I noticed a bright blip racing across a radar screen toward two slower-moving dots. In a second or two the faster blip seemed to go right through the others and then off the edge of the screen.

"Nothing can move that fast," said an officer. The F-4s, which had just been passed as if they were standing still, were flying at something like 800 miles per hour.

"Wow! I just picked up the bogey on my screen," said another radar operator. "It must've been doing 6,000 knots! It did a 90° turn and disappeared!"

"Everyone check their equipment," said the confused officer in charge. "Nothing can... fly like that."

"Charlie One to Mother Hen," came the pilot's clear voice over the radio speaker. "Can you read?"

"Mother Hen here," said the IOCC tactical air officer. "Good to hear your voice again. What happened?"

"Charlie One. Something went by us like a bat out of hell. Was it on your screen?"

"Roger, Charlie One," said the officer. "We saw it. Did you make a definite ID?"

"Naw. But whatever it was, it was bright as the sun and *movin'*," said the jet pilot. "Say, before that we lost all radio."

"So did we."

"Everything checks out okay now," said the pilot.

"Roger," said the officer. "Return to ship."

Some of the tension lifted in the room once everyone knew our two aircraft were on their way back to the *Ranger*. But another kind of stress had replaced it as we all stood around dazed. When a radio operator finally asked how he should log the incident, a junior officer said, "Just what it was: contact with unidentified flying object."

The senior officer in IOCC quickly took the junior officer aside and spoke to him in an urgent manner, then made an announcement: "What happened here doesn't leave this room," he warned. "If anyone talks about flying saucers, I'll see his security clearance yanked and his ass shipped out to Adak, Alaska, where even the gulls get horny."

I never talked about the incident while on the *Ranger*. As far as I know, neither did anyone else. There was no investigation and certainly no news release. Within a few days we were handling 24-hour combat flight operations and had plenty to keep us busy. After a while it was as if it had never happened.

But something *did* happen out there that night in the South China Sea, something that was not explainable. That "bright bogey" was *real*; it was seen with human eyes and was tracked by radar. It was unbelievably *fast*, outdistancing in a matter of seconds two of the speediest jet aircraft in Uncle Sam's aerial arsenal. And its incredible maneuverability, executing a 90° turn at that speed—defied the laws of aerodynamics. That is, Earth's laws of aerodynamics written by *human beings*.

The incident taught me a couple of important lessons. First, not to readily dismiss all reports of UFOs. Above all, I learned on a personal level that a conspiracy of official silence exists—to the extent, at least, that witnesses to UFO sightings are sometimes ordered to keep quiet. From that moment on I've believed that members of the military and certain governmental agencies possess information concerning UFO contacts that they have kept secret. Ever since that night I have wondered exactly what it is that they are so deathly afraid of. —B. H.



a driver and took control. He told everybody that the Army was taking over and to get out of the way. Other military personnel came up and cordoned off the area. We were told to leave the area and not to talk to anyone whatsoever about what we had seen . . . that it was our patriotic duty to remain silent."

And what happened to the debris and bodies? Berlitz and Moore, quoting various military sources, reported that a portion was shipped to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio and the remainder to Edwards Air Force Base in California, where—some reports insist—President Dwight D. Eisenhower made a secret visit to view "the evidence" on February 20, 1954.

In early 1978 the Air Force—reacting to increasing public pressure for disclosures about secret UFO information—allegedly moved the wreckage and chemically preserved bodies to a specially constructed and heavily guarded warehouse located at the Central Intelligence Agency compound in Langley, Virginia, where it remains.

Despite the apparent efforts by U.S. officials to keep potentially explosive information about UFOs a secret, not everyone in government service believes this is the correct approach. In 1979 the National Security Agency (NSA)—whose budget and degrees of security

exceed those of the CIA—released a 1968 draft document titled "UFO Hypothesis and Survival Questions." The NSA report considered some serious "human survival implications" suggested by the increased incidence of UFO sightings, and made several conclusions.

Keeping an open mind, the NSA said that if the global number of UFO sightings is imaginary, then a human mental aberration of alarming proportions would appear to be sweeping the world. If the sightings are hallucinations, then man's ability to distinguish between reality and fantasy has been brought into question. If UFOs are secret projects of other countries, then the U.S. early-warning systems designed to diagnose and warn of enemy air attack are in doubt.

The agency concluded that if UFOs are extraterrestrial, their source is probably technologically superior to us, and *our planet is subject to conquest*.

Many people believe that the last two points in the NSA report provide the major reasons for the government's unwillingness to come clean on the UFO issue. Most experts feel that the government has several powerful reasons for keeping information about UFOs from the general public—besides the old alibi that admitting their existence might lead to mass hysteria.

Revealing the truth, it is said, would not be in the best interest of national security. If we conceded that UFOs may have been sent up by, say, China or the Soviet Union, it would be an embarrassing acknowledgment that those Communist nations were substantially ahead of us in space. Amid the escalating debate over America's ability to defend itself against potential aggressors, it might be foolish to indicate our vulnerability.

"Although officially the government is not interested in investigating UFOs, many scientists believe there is a lot going on in the government concerning UFOs that isn't being talked about," says John Schuessler of the McDonnell Douglas Corporation. He is also president of Project VISIT (Vehicle Internal Systems Investigative Team), a group of 12 scientists studying incidents in which people report "encounters of the third kind" with occupants of UFOs. "I agree that our national security may prevent the government from releasing information about some UFO incidents."

VISIT's impressive team of volunteers, about half of whom are associated with NASA, represents a variety of specialties. A case submitted to VISIT is first screened for validity, individuals involved are interviewed, and their medical records examined. So far the group has looked into 70 "abduction" cases. And not all of them have been "solved" by earthly explanations.

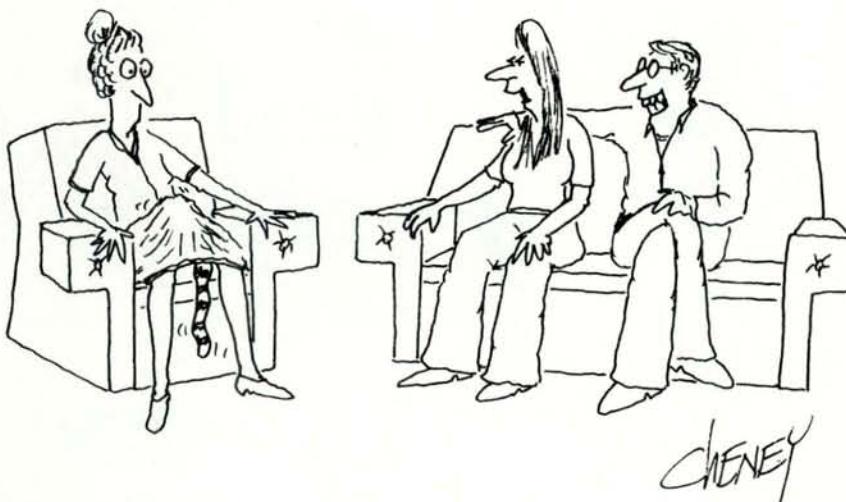
"*Skeptic* has become a dirty word, but let me say I'm a scientist, and as such I'm interested only in facts," says Schuessler. Without making any generalizations about the possibility of UFOs' having picked up human beings for study, he admits: "All I can say is that something is going on. There's a mystery here."

The case of Betty Cash is typical of the encounters being studied by VISIT. Standing alongside a road northeast of Houston, Texas, on December 29, 1980, Cash got a close-up view of an enormous, diamond-shaped UFO that spewed flames from its underside. She was burned and suffered injuries that still plague her.

VISIT verified that the morning after Cash had seen the UFO, she developed large, knotlike boils on her neck, head and face. Soon after, she began to lose her hair. Four days later—unable to eat and suffering from vomiting, diarrhea and swollen eyes (further symptoms of possible radiation poisoning)—she entered a hospital, where she spent nearly a month undergoing tests.

Some of VISIT's cases get even more interesting. Like the three Kentucky women—all of them friends from con-

(continued on page 130)



"You'll have to excuse Kitty, Aunt Mildred. He just can't resist the smell of tuna!"



"I don't wants to play no harp, man! Ain't you got no conga drums?"





Deke Thomas got his start as a literary agent under P. Stewart Kingsley at the prestigious Writers Warehouse, where Deke had the dubious pleasure of reading the first dozen pages of every dreadful, unsolicited manuscript that came through the mail. He also had to field dozens of calls each day from writers who had never been published and *never would*. "Who knows?" old man Kingsley would say. "One of 'em might be the next Ernest Hemingway."

Deke was on his third cup of coffee when the day's first call came in. "A guy on 2 wants some information," said the switchboard operator, a dark-haired piece of pleasure who'd once told Deke she wanted him to pull down her panties and lick her pussy until she screamed. He had, and she did.

"Deke Thomas. Can I help you?"

"This is the Fisherman," the caller whispered.

Deke believed him instantly. *Who else could alarm and terrify with only the sound of his voice?*

The Fisherman, responsible for a year-long series of brutal sex murders, was scaring the shit out of Southern California. Already, 14 young women had been senselessly mutilated and killed with a razor-sharp bait knife.

"I've got a manuscript," said the

whispering voice. "Is that \$5-million offer for real?"

"Yes," Deke replied, trying to stay calm. *Newsweek* magazine had reported that a well-known publisher was willing to pay \$5 million for the Fisherman's own true story. If Deke pulled this off, Writers Warehouse would pick up a \$750,000 commission, and he'd get an easy 10% of that.

"I read about your boss, Kingsley," the caller went on. "He's the guy I want to handle my book. Put him on."

Fuck you, pal, Deke thought. He wasn't about to turn a multimillion-dollar baby over to Kingsley—who'd get most of the money anyway—so he could continue being the Johnny Carson of literary agents. Kingsley had enough fame already.

"Kingsley's overseas, and he won't be back for a month. We might have to put this off until he returns . . . if you insist on dealing with *him*."

The Fisherman should have known that literary agents don't keep multimillion dollar deals waiting for *anything*, but that was all Deke could think of. "Listen," Deke said smoothly. "What say we arrange for you to get the manuscript to me. I'll get it to Mr. Kingsley as soon as possible."

"Yeah, all right," the Fisherman muttered. "Go to Rockland Castle in Re-

dondo Beach at one o'clock tonight. On the west side is a metal door with a padlock. Step inside and close the door. And don't bring a fucking flashlight. I'll give you the manuscript then. If there's anyone with you, I'll split and find another agent—one who's smart enough and hungry enough to come alone."

"I'll be there," Deke promised.

* * *

Deke got to the entrance to Rockland Castle a little after midnight. He knew the reputation of the place. The local cops believed you were flirting with suicide by going there after dark, seeing as how the area was populated only by junkies, derelicts and other unsavory characters. He stepped gingerly through an iron gate, darted across a few yards of grass and hesitated at the edge of the forest that covered much of the castle grounds. Finally, he found a paved path into the woods and crept into the ominous darkness.

The path led up a steep hill and became a staircase made of cracked old logs embedded in the cement. At the top was a clearing, in the middle of which stood Rockland Castle, a natural stone lean-to that some eccentric had fashioned into a home years before. Deke trotted up the last few steps and saw a rusty metal door with its brass lock hanging loose. Looking around, he pushed open the door and entered a room in which he could barely make out heaps of rotting, mildewed furniture left by squatters over the years. At the opposite end of the room, he could vaguely see a shadowy figure sitting on an old park bench.

"Thomas?"

"Yeah."

"Here she is." The man waved a cardboard box, then sat it down on the floor.

As Deke started to push his way through the debris, the Fisherman left through the back door; he couldn't see the killer's face in the gloom. Deke's heart beat heavily as he opened the box. Inside was a typewritten manuscript titled "The Bloody Blade: Confessions of 'The Fisherman'."

Deke raced back to his apartment, threw the manuscript on the bed and climbed in after it. Seven hours later he turned over the last of the 356 pages. It was the single most horrifying—and exploitable—manuscript he had ever read.

On his way to work the next morning, bleary-eyed from lack of sleep and numbed from what he had read, Deke stopped at a coffee shop. On the counter

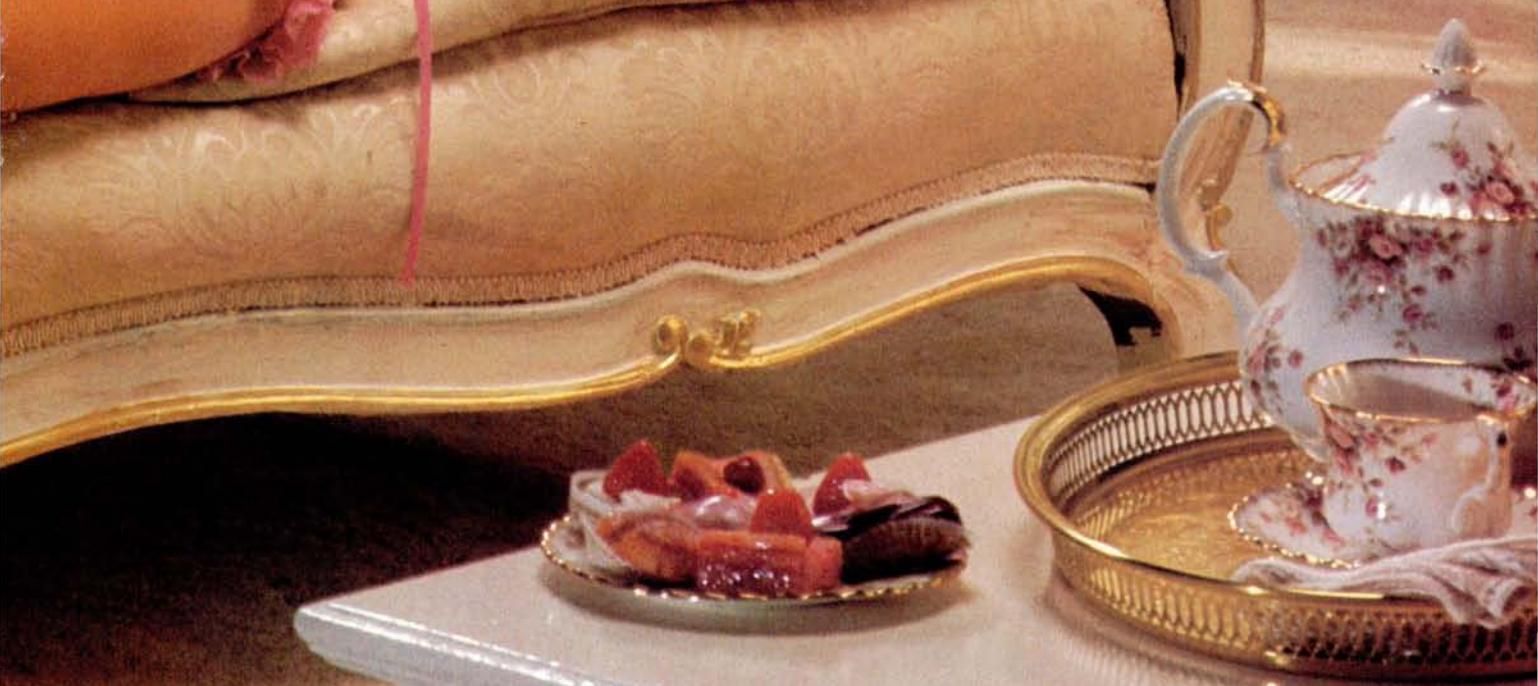




"Patience, Son. It's gonna take time for your father to adjust after 14 years of prison life!"

Cyndi
something sweet





Photography by Matti Klatt



Cyndi's appearance on a recent **HUSTLER** cover drew such an enthusiastic response from our readers that we couldn't refuse the countless requests to see more of her. But unlike many girls in Cyndi's enviable position, she didn't let the news of her incredible popularity go to her head. "It's like a dream-come-true!" exclaimed the 19-year-old legal secretary when we told her she'd been chosen for our June centerfold. "I always wanted to be a model, but I didn't think I was the right type." What is her idea of the "right" type? "I thought models had to be skinny little things who look like they haven't eaten in two weeks," she laughs. If our readers are any indication, Cyndi is more than the right type—she's perfect. And Cyndi's honestly sensual personality is a true bonus. In fact, she's as sweet on the inside as what you see on the outside.





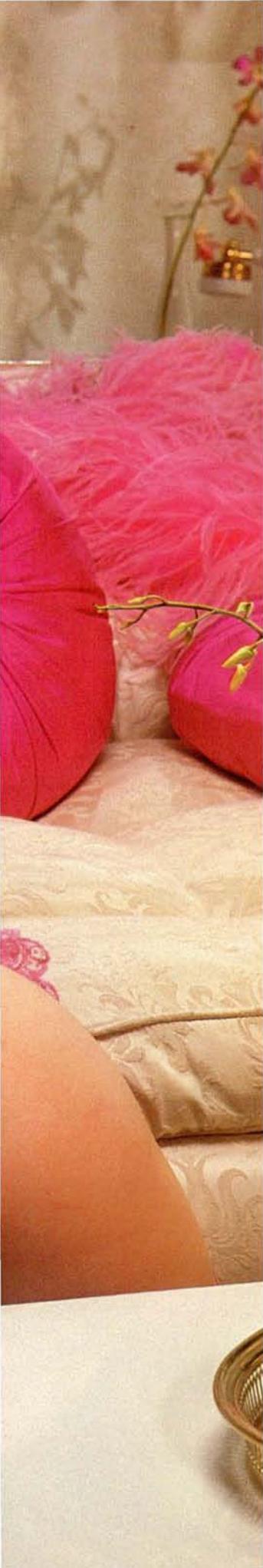






HUSTLER'S HONEY
JUNE 1983







President Reagan went into the men's room at a Washington, D.C., restaurant one night. While relieving himself, in walked a big black pimp named Bubba, who started pissing into the urinal next to the President's. Reagan took one look at the black man's massive pecker and couldn't help but ask, "Hey, friend, how'd it get so darn big?"

Bubba replied with a proud smile, "Before I go to bed at night, I whack it on the bedpost three times."

All excited when he got back to the White House, Reagan ran into the master bedroom, whipped out his dick and rapped it on the bedpost three times. Startled and sleepy-eyed, Nancy sat up in bed and blurted, "Bubba, honey, is that you?"

Little Smitty accidentally walked in on his mother while she was taking a bath. Embarrassed, the boy ran into the living room, where his father was watching a ballgame. "Dad, what's that thing between Mommy's legs?" he asked.

"Go ask your mother," said the surprised father. "It belongs to her."

So Smitty ran back into the bathroom and asked. Later on, his father inquired if his mother had told him. "Sure did," the little boy replied. "She said it was her sugar bowl."

"Yep," deadpanned the father, "that's about the size of it."

Question: Why are poor folks painting their garbage cans red and gold these days?

Answer: So their kids will think they're eating at Burger King.

The young American soldier was on tour in Japan.

While fucking a beautiful Japanese maiden, she let out a ripping fart. He stopped his pounding and asked her, "Did you do that?"

"Yes, GI," she responded sheepishly. "Front hole so happy, back hole celebrate."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines a *real Cinderella* as: a girl who fucks and sucks like a bandit and at midnight turns into a pepperoni pizza and a six-pack of beer.

There is one statistician who is very bitter. According to figures from a recent poll he conducted, he has calculated that the average pussy is eight inches deep and that the average penis in erection is six inches long. In Los Angeles alone there are 871.4 miles of pussy going to waste.

Not-so-bright Calvin was hauled in on rape charges. The police quickly put him in a lineup with six other men. As they led in the rape victim, Calvin squinted past the bright lights, then pointed and said, "Yep, that's her!"

While investigating the two seemingly abandoned rigs parked along the interstate, a highway patrolman heard moans coming from some nearby bushes. He couldn't believe his eyes when he saw one trucker feverishly butt-fucking the other. Smashing through the bushes, the cop demanded an explanation. The first trucker said that his buddy had had a heart attack and that he was helping him out. When the lawman explained that to help a heart-attack victim, mouth-to-mouth resuscitation should be administered, the aggressive trucker snapped, "How'd you think this whole thing got started?!"

Question: Why does Dolly Parton buy her bras at a Datsun dealer?

Answer: It's the only place she can buy a 280Z.

A young couple were discussing their sexual problems openly, and the husband suggested that they use hand signals. "If you want to have sex," he said, "reach over, take my cock and pull it once."

"But what if I don't want to have sex," the wife asked.

"Then reach over," the husband said matter-of-factly, "and pull it 50 times."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *piece and quiet* as: shacking up with a deaf whore.

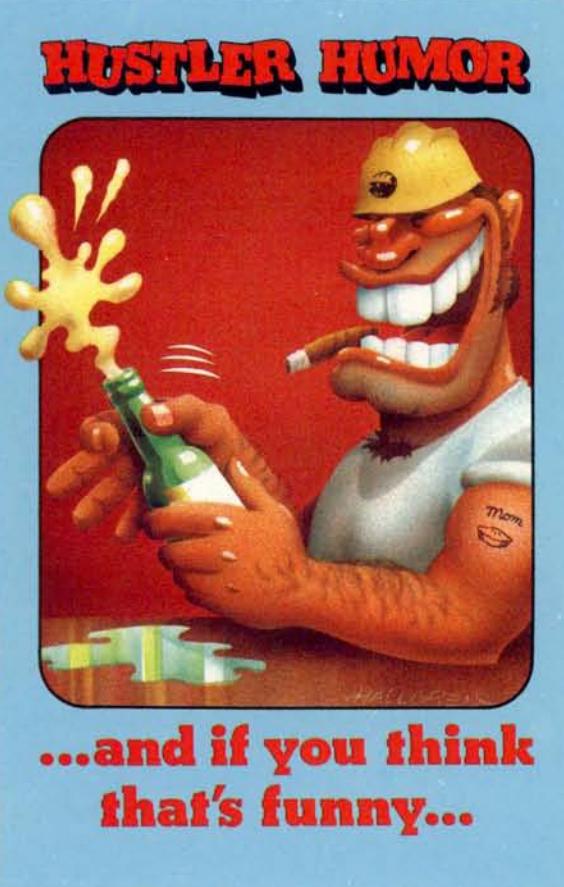
Question: Why do female parachutists wear tampons?

Answer: So they won't whistle on the way down.

A spirited session of poker was in progress when a new arrival, a practical joker, proceeded to spray the nearest player with the contents of a perfume atomizer. "Hey, don't spray that on me!" the guy shouted. "My wife'll think I spent the night at a brothel."

Another player said, "You can squirt me if you like. My wife has never been in a brothel and wouldn't recognize the smell."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: *HUSTLER* Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—but we cannot return submissions.



CHESTER THE MOLESTER



WOMEN



SORRY
OUT OF
TOILET
PAPER

BUTTS
EXPERTLY
CLEANED

DUANE TINLEY

THE BLOODY BLADE

(continued from page 58)

read the newspaper account:

Redondo Beach—The nude, mutilated body of an unidentified young woman found near Rockland Castle early this morning is believed to be the 15th victim of the infamous Fisherman.

"There's little doubt about it," said Captain E. M. Cooper of the South Bay Homicide Unit. "The killer left his calling card. We're 99% sure the Fisherman did it."

Police still refuse to describe the mysterious "calling card" that has characterized the brutal rape-killings, claiming such a disclosure would impede their investigation and inspire copycat murders.

However, a source close to the department said that details of the "calling card" are being withheld because "they would sicken even the most perverted minds."

A spokesman for the coroner's office said the crime had probably occurred between 10 p.m. and midnight, and that the woman, like all of the previous Fisherman victims, had been sexually assaulted before being stabbed.

Deke Thomas' mind raced. Death between 10 p.m. and midnight. The newspaper shook in his hands. The Fisherman had had two appointments last night.

Two days later the Writers Warehouse was ready to put *The Bloody Blade*

up for auction, and photocopies were sent (via armed messenger) to the country's top three book publishers. Detective Slater of the Fisherman Task Force was sitting in Deke Thomas' office, staring at page 37 of the manuscript.

After dispatching the messengers and reporting to Kingsley, Deke turned his attention to Detective Slater—*Brigit* Slater. Her tweed jacket and skirt looked businesslike and prim; the full figure and sparkling green eyes looked promising.

Calling the cops—which Deke had done the morning after receiving the manuscript—turned out to be a smart move. It had been Detective Slater, after a short discussion with Deke, who'd convinced the Task Force and Kingsley to proceed with the auction as a means of keeping the Fisherman on the hook. And she'd insisted that Kingsley not interfere, since Deke had made the first contact and the Fisherman seemed to trust him.

"I don't get this," the shapely detective was saying. "Why do you think the Fisherman didn't go to Yale?" Page 37 contained an anecdote about a Yale professor who had introduced the Fisherman to Shakespeare.

"Look, Detective Sla—"

"Brigit," she interrupted. "We're going to be inseparable until we net this

s.o.b.; so you might as well call me Brigit."

Deke smiled. Inseparable? He glanced at the sheer lace blouse beneath her brown tweed jacket, savoring the outline of her breasts. "Brigit, I think it's obvious that a lot of this shit is made up. The bastard has an imagination, and he thinks of himself as a creative writer. This isn't his real story at all."

"So what am I doing here with this—this damned novel?"

"Well, it's not a novel. The story is real—if you know how to read it."

Deke pulled page 87 from his copy: the description of the Fisherman's first murder. "Here, Brigit, read this again. This is how it really happened." The detective read, and her fingertips whitened with horror and anger as she gripped the page.

"It's sick!" she hissed. "He's sick! This bit about scalping the victim's pubic hair—my God!" Brigit took a moment to compose herself. "Okay. So tell me, what makes this real and not the Yale bit."

Deke took the page from her. "The details. Look—her strawberry lipstick . . . her tailored jacket and matching yellow skirt . . . how he nicked himself with the bait knife. How she looked at him when he ordered her to strip. Only two kinds of people could've written this: a real killer or a professional writer. And the details check out with the information the police have withheld."

"What if he's a novelist who's got inside info, trying to make 5 million by passing this off as the real thing?"

"I don't buy it," Deke answered. "The chapters he's making up are terrible. The sentences are awkward, the prose too choppy. And the structure's all wrong. Believe me, this guy's never been published. Besides, who but the Fisherman knows about the pubic hair?"

"What about Yale?"

"I'd bet dollars to doughnuts he went to college on the East Coast. Not Yale, necessarily, but someplace with ivy-covered walls. If you can figure out who this Shakespeare scholar is, we might find the student we're looking for."

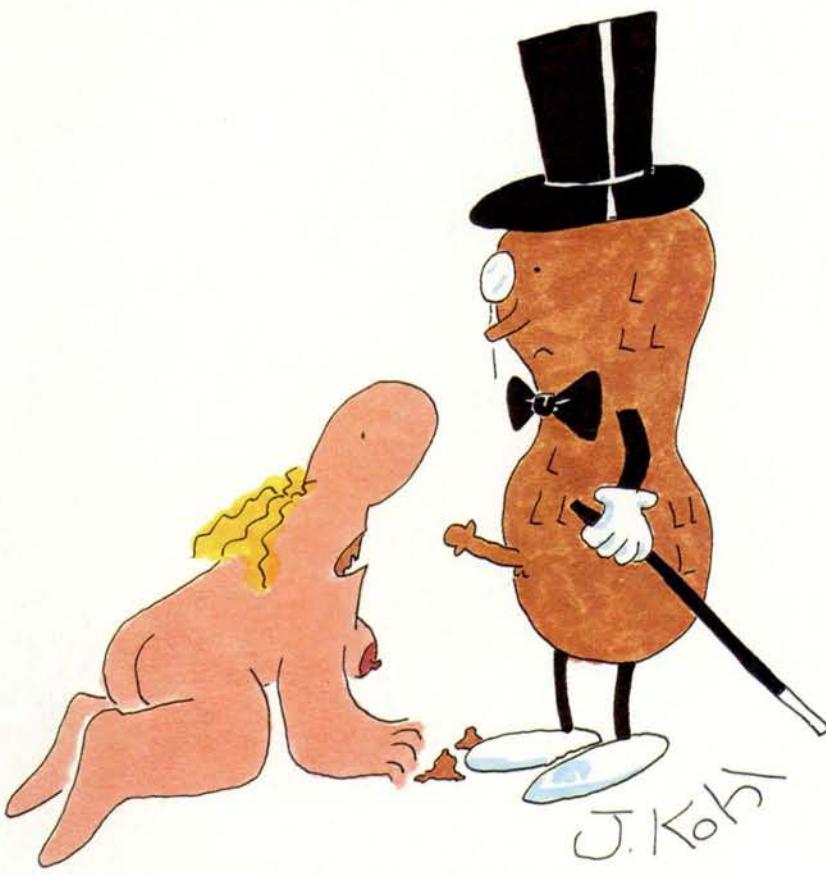
Brigit nodded. "Y'know, you're pretty good at this. Ever think of becoming a detective?"

"There's a helluva lot more money in books."

They smiled at each other, and Brigit turned to leave. Deke's eyes were held captive by her tantalizing ass.

The two days to the auction passed slowly. Each day the Fisherman called Deke to see how things were progressing, always keeping his call to less than

(continued on page 84)



"Your cum sticks to the roof of my mouth!"



"C'mere, Nancy. This one looks like an MX missile!"

HOOK UP TONIGHT With HOT GIRLS AND THE SEXIEST PORNSTARS!

THEY'RE WAITING
INSIDE NOW!



Come inside and see what
you can get them to do!

These girls are **Ready & Willing**
to do **ANYTHING FOR YOU!**

We've collected 1000's of
beautiful girls who are waiting
show you a good time!

Start a Chat RIGHT NOW



Marie

FRENCH MAIDEN













What is it that makes French women so sexy? "Maybe it's because we're brought up watching all those naughty French movies," laughs 22-year-old Marie. "But to be serious, I think it's because in France we are taught that a woman can be independent and still be feminine. Pleasing a man is very important to us. After all, French *is* the language of love." And that is a language that Marie speaks very well. As an interpreter, she has plenty of time to practice on the many foreign men who visit her country. "I love all kinds of guys," confesses the Paris-born belle. "But Americans are my favorites. They seem like the cowboys we see in movies; they're so big and strong." Then she adds, winking, "And a *big* man is something women always like—no matter what country they're from."



THE BLOODY BLADE

(continued from page 74)

75 seconds to prevent a trace and always at the same time: 8:42 a.m.

Brigit did turn up a Shakespeare instructor who fit the description of the one in the Fisherman's story. "But," she explained to Deke, "he claims he's instilled 'a passion for the Bard' in hundreds of students over the years."

"Not much help, huh?"

* * *

The bids came in as if the Writers Warehouse were selling the secret to multiple orgasms. August/Fletcher & Company won by a hair with a bid of \$5,450,500, but there was a catch. Besides his many stylistic flaws and inconsistencies, the Fisherman had deliberately left out important facts of each killing—just enough to make the book incomplete. August/Fletcher's editor in chief, Wayne Beswick, insisted that Deke Thomas finish the book—with the Fisherman.

When the Fisherman called the next morning, Deke gave him the news. "The deal's been made."

"Fantastic!" the Fisherman shouted. "I can't believe it!" He reacted like any other author. "Fan-fucking-tastic!"

Deke told him about the revision needs. "Hey, after we sign the contract,"

the Fisherman said, "I'll do anything you and Mr. Beswick want me to. Except give myself up."

"Okay, since you can't sign your real name to the contract," Deke noted, "and no publisher in his right mind will pay out 5.4 mil on a contract that's merely signed 'The Fisherman,' I came up with a solution. You sign over your power of attorney to our lawyer, Morgan Blaustein, and he'll sign the contract for you. Lawyer-client confidentiality will protect your identity, and Blaustein plays straight. The checks will be made payable to him, and he'll deposit them in a secret Swiss bank account."

The power of attorney arrived that afternoon, and Brigit immediately demanded to see it. Blaustein, nervous and uncertain, refused. But he gave her the envelope to trace, and the paperwork for the initial advance of \$1.5 million was soon drawn up.

The Fisherman was due at Deke's place that night at nine for their first rewrite. "He won't show," Brigit said.

Deke smiled. "He'll show. The agent/author relationship can be something special with writers whose insecurities make them susceptible. He's on the ego trip of his life, and I started it. He'll be there."

That afternoon, Brigit supervised a team of technicians who wired Deke's

living room for sound. A surveillance van was parked across the street, filled with tape recorders and infrared cameras. "All I want to know is *who* the Fisherman is," she said. "Then we can retrace his steps and build a case that'll hold up in court. With any luck, that shouldn't be too hard." She took hold of Deke's hand. "Be careful; he's a maniac." She stood on her toes and kissed his lips lightly. "That's for luck," she said with a twinkle.

* * *

The Fisherman surprised Deke by looking unexotic, even dull. He dressed unremarkably, with a black stocking cap covering most of his head, a wide pair of sunglasses obscuring his face. Once inside, he removed his "disguise," showing a face that looked about 30, with sandy hair starting to thin and a wispy mustache.

The two men had a productive session that lasted almost until dawn. When they could barely keep their eyes open, the Fisherman put his glasses and cap on, and Deke walked him to the street, watching as a '65 Ford carrying two Redondo Beach plainclothesmen rolled quietly after him.

That must gall them, thought Deke, having to hold back, not being able to grab the guy right now. But Captain Cooper's instructions had been strict: No bust until everything was in place. Cooper wasn't going to have this sleazebucket get away on a legal technicality.

The old Ford turned the corner, and Deke trudged back into his apartment, trying to piece together what he had learned that night. Brigit knocked once and entered.

"Well," she began, irritated, "that was a total waste of time! Ten hours of structure-this and pacing-that, increase suspense here, add color there. All you talked about was that damned book! Why didn't you get him to talk about himself?"

"Every time I tried, he clammed up or sidestepped the—"

"I just hope some of the pictures turn out okay," she exclaimed.

"He's a high-school teacher in the Torrance Unified School District," Deke said. "Tracking him from that should be easy."

"A teacher? How do you know?" She seated herself on the sofa, crossed her Levi-clad legs and stared at Deke.

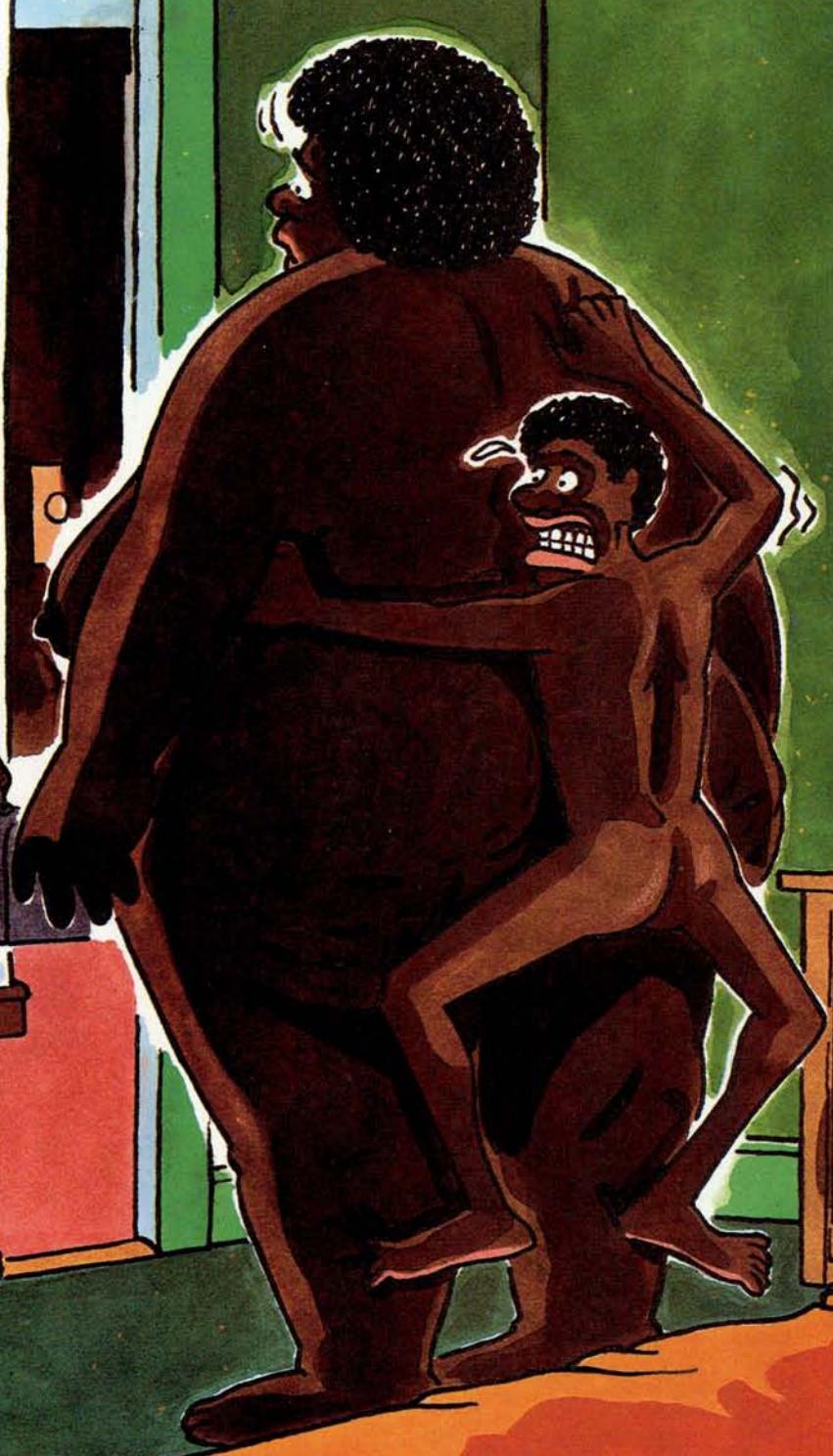
"It's complicated, so keep with me. Remember our first break? We made coffee and talked about writing?"

"Uh-huh."

"I asked him if he read any science-fiction, and he said no. So I told him about Travis Taylor and how he was a

(continued on page 96)





"I know I heard a man's voice in here, woman! Now where the fuck is he?!"

Love Slave





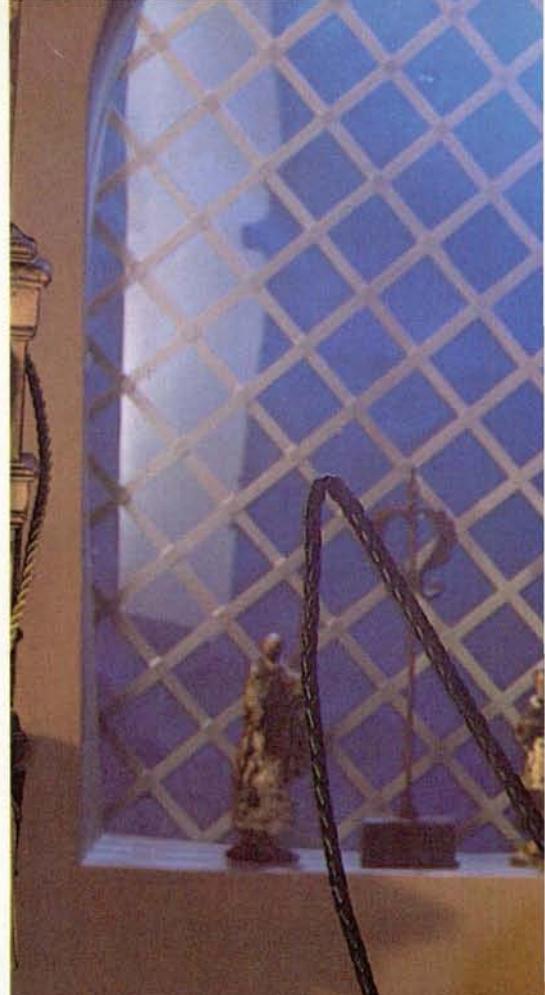


The young girl feels her muscles tense at the approach of her mistress. The excitement of fear and desire starts her heart pounding within her breast. Already the bound maiden feels her will draining from her as the mistress ties her to the bedpost. She's a slave to her pain and her passion. The hot tongue of the lash sends a warm flush spreading through her thighs. As rough hands guide her body, the love slave feels the sweat on her mistress's breasts against her back. Her blood races with the throb of painful pleasure as her lover probes deep between her moist thighs. Finally, the girl explodes in a rush of passion, then falls exhausted into the arms of her mistress. At last she knows the perfect peace of utter submission.















HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



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Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name

Name to Be Published

Address

Date of Birth

Phone (include area code)

Model's Social Security Number

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

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I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature

Date

THE BLOODY BLADE

(continued from page 84)

science-fiction author he ought to check out. Well, he said he'd read a Taylor short story—'The Delaying Factor'—and thought it was terrific."

"So what?"

"'The Delaying Factor,'" he continued, "was written on assignment for Liberty Press for a textbook called *Reports in Science Fiction*. Taylor writes pretty racy stuff, and Liberty couldn't find a story of his clean enough for kids; so they commissioned one."

"Would you get to the—"

"The point, my dear Slater, is that only three kinds of people would've read that story: kids assigned to it, which he isn't; sci-fi fans, which he isn't; or an English teacher making up his lesson plan, which he *has* to be."

A smile crept onto Brigit's face. "Okay . . . but how do you know that he teaches in Torrance?"

"I don't, for sure. But of all the districts around here, the only one that uses *Reports in Science Fiction* is the Torrance school district. So the odds are, he teaches there."

Brigit smiled, and Deke looked at her as if for the first time. She was dressed for spending the night in a cold police van listening to a pair of headphones; but even in her bulky wool sweater, her generous breasts pushed straight up and out. Her shoulder-length auburn hair was thick and lustrous, and her pale-green eyes danced with excitement.

"I like it when you look at me," she told him.

"I'd like to look at more of you."

Brigit stood up and walked to the kitchen counter. Reaching underneath, she yanked the transmitter away and switched it off. "This conversation is private," she said, following Deke to the bedroom.

"I've been fantasizing about this since that first day in your office," Brigit whispered as they undressed each other and climbed into the bed.

Deke's cock grew rigid as she spoke. "So have I."

He started at her waistline, cupping her with warm, tender hands. He slid his left hand down to her thighs, his fingers caressing the smooth stomach and venturing into the lush tangle of her pubic mound. His right hand moved up to her breasts. Even with Brigit flat on her back, her breasts thrust upward, her nipples erect and beautifully pointed. Deke caressed her firmly but tenderly, letting both hands roam freely. Each had a will of its own, exploring her form from shoulders to knees. Occasionally, one hand would slide beneath to fondle her

rounded ass, while his tongue lapped her skin, licking her saltiness.

Brigit's hands caressed his cock and balls, gently but wantonly. Deke's manhood surged in response to her fondling, his prick pulsating but under control.

"Fuck me, Deke. Fuck me, *please!*"

He raised himself over Brigit's face, his cock pressing against her parted lips. "Be nice, and this'll be nice to you."

Her eyes closed, and her mouth opened. She lifted her head and took him in, the tip of her tongue dancing up and down his shaft as he thrust it deeper and deeper down her warm, constricting throat. A groan escaped him. For two or three minutes he hung poised in that position, thrusting rhythmically as her lips and tongue tantalized his cock.

Finally, wanting her pussy more than her throat, he dropped to his side and coiled around her back and ass. As he entered her from behind, he whispered words both tender and hard. He pulled her to him, burying his face in her hair, his cock deep inside her moist cunt.

"Oh, yes, *yes!*" Brigit cried. "Fuck me, fuck me! Oh!" Her fingers reached down and massaged his swollen balls as the head of his rock-hard shaft pressed repeatedly against the walls of her wet canal. Again and again he slammed into the cop's hot, pink, tight box.

"Yes, *yes-s-s-s!*" she cried, pressing her ass against Deke's stomach.

The final explosion racked both of them. The sex and staying up all night listening to a mass murderer put them deeply to sleep.

Two short hours later the phone rang. It was for Detective Slater.

The cops had lost the Fisherman near Rockland Castle. Deke's guess was that they had been afraid to follow him inside. Brigit just swore. The photos from the night before were indefinite at best, and Deke was still the only one who'd had a good look at the killer.

"Can you find him?" Brigit asked. "I mean, could you recognize him?"

"I think maybe I can do both," Deke answered, kissing her nose. "One passage describes a beautiful teenager he'd seen at Torrance High. The descriptions of the area are so precise, I'd say he knows that place brick by brick."

* * *

A little before ten that morning, after getting permission from the flustered principal, Deke and Brigit began to prowl the corridors of Torrance High School. They didn't take long.

"That's him," Deke said, gesturing through the glass window of a classroom door. Brigit stared in momentarily.

The Fisherman was standing in front of about 30 15-year-olds, lecturing, a

(continued on page 102)

Beaver Hunt



Thanks to you, the sport of Beaver Hunting is a favorite national pastime. But we know that some of you might need a little extra incentive to get into the action. So, starting with our 9th Anniversary issue in July, we're DOUBLING THE PRIZE! That's right! Beginning next month, we'll pay your favorite Beaver \$100 if we print her photo in HUSTLER. All you have to do is snap a clear, color picture of your lady and send it to us. If we print it, we'll send her \$100. Plus there's always the

chance your Beaver will be chosen for an extended photo-feature at professional-models' rates. All submissions become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Use the model release on page 96, or a reasonable facsimile. And be sure to fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your Beaver her \$100.

Photo by Dev



Westlake Village, California, is 19-year-old P. J.'s home. Skiing and sex are her favorite pastimes, while taking on her boyfriend and another girl is her favorite fantasy.

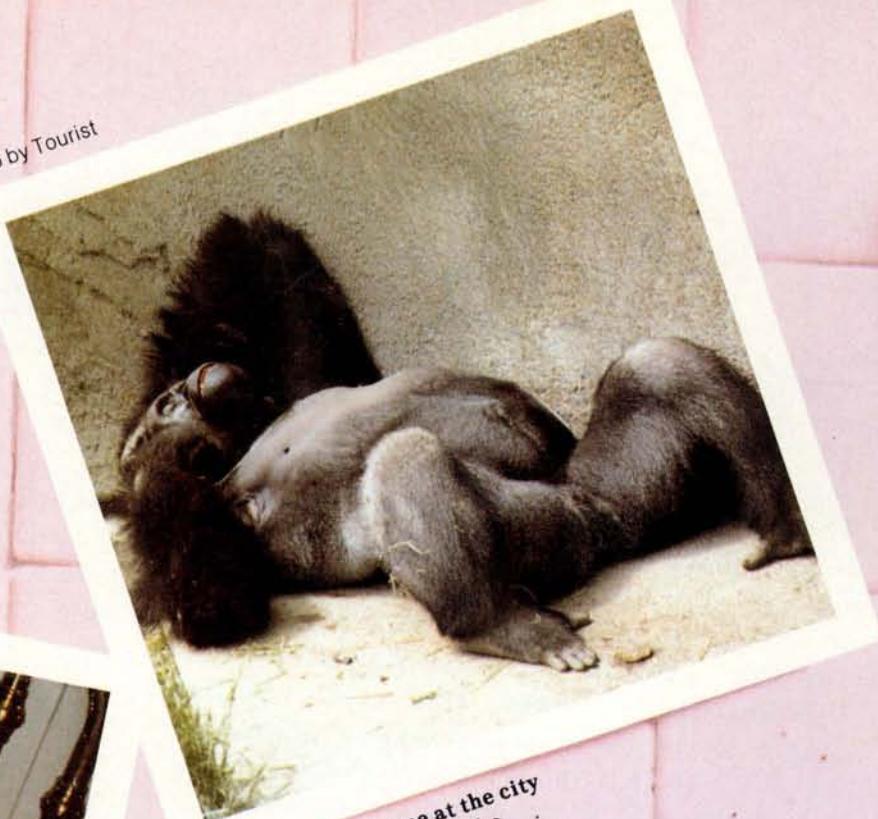
Photo by Husband



Melody, 19, is a salesperson from Salt Lake City, Utah, who enjoys music, cars, sports and making love. Her fondest dream is to appear in a porn movie.

Photo by Tourist

Swimming, skiing and music are 24-year-old Dawn's hobbies. A waitress and dancer from Baltimore, Maryland, she fantasizes about "making love on a moonlit beach with countless men until morning."



Judy makes her home at the city zoo in Columbus, Ohio. She spends her free time "sunbathing in the nude and fantasizes about giving head while Marlin Perkins of TV's Wild Kingdom announces the 'play-by-play.'"

Photo by James West

Photo by Robert McClarry



D. A., a secretary from Springdale, Arkansas, enjoys dancing, horseback riding and meeting new people. Being a HUSTLER centerfold is this 19-year-old's ultimate fantasy.



Photo by Husband



Thirty-one-year-old Linda fantasizes about making love to singer John Cougar all night long. This housewife from Youngstown, Ohio, likes nude modeling and riding Harleys.

Photo by Ed C.



Jogging, sewing, bike riding and photography are the hobbies of Kathy K. A 25-year-old from Lebanon, Pennsylvania, she fantasizes about being stuck in an elevator and screwing everyone in it.

Susan R., from Whitman, Massachusetts, is a 24-year-old housewife who likes to go camping in the mountains, where she hopes to "be carried off by one hunk of a man—to service his every need."



Photo by David Rice

Photo by Mark Wanderlich

Tucson, Arizona, is home for Sue, a 24-year-old bookkeeper who enjoys backpacking, bicycling and sex. She dreams about making it outdoors near a waterfall with two men at once.



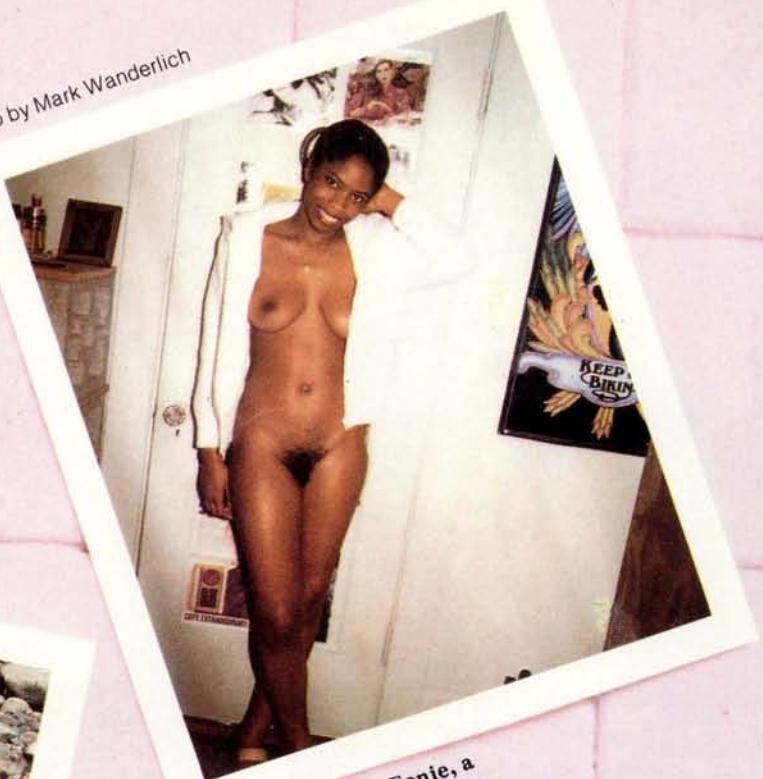
Photo by Robert Murphy

Horseback riding, motorcycles and swimming are the hobbies of S. K. W. This 19-year-old housewife from Mesquite, Texas, yearns to make love in front of a fireplace.



Nineteen-year-old Fenie, a student and housewife from Oakland, California, lists dancing and swimming as her hobbies. She says her favorite fantasy is getting it on with her husband for as long as humanly possible.

Photo by E. C. W.



One for the Ladies



Steve works as a helicopter mechanic and enjoys sailing and woodworking. This 24-year-old from Pearl Beach, Michigan, says his fantasy is "to get it on with one of HUSTLER's centerfolds."

"Doing a striptease onstage in front of a group of men I'd never see again" would satisfy the erotic fantasy of "Sunshine." This 30-year-old housewife from Wilmington, Delaware, digs dancing, modeling, and nude sunbathing.



Photo by Husby

Photo by Gerg



M. H. is a 20-year-old Springfield, Ohio, secretary and softball player. She had her nipples pierced to fulfill her boyfriend's fantasy, and her own fondest dream is to keep on keeping him happy.



THE BLOODY BLADE

(continued from page 96)

piece of chalk in his left hand.

Deke dropped Brigit off at the Redondo Beach police station and returned to his apartment. She joined him there a few hours later. "I've got his name, address, everything," she said.

"Okay, so why isn't he in handcuffs?" Deke asked. "What are you waiting for, recess?"

She took his hand. "Babe, all we can do at this point is prove some guy wrote a book about the Fisherman and came to your apartment to talk about it. We can't ask for the death penalty just because you think his book rings true. It's all circumstantial evidence, and not very good at that. He's covered himself perfectly. But what we're doing is putting a 24-hour tail on him—and it stays on him until he tries again. *Then we'll get him.*"

Deke shook his head. "Won't work," he told her, slumping on the couch. "He won't try to kill again—at least not for a long time.

"When I first spoke to him, I knew I was talking to a killer. Something in his voice—terrifying, cold. But you heard him last night; that's out of him now. He's a multimillion-dollar author, something he's always dreamed about being. He doesn't need to kill anymore."

Brigit looked crestfallen and glum, resting her chin on her hand and staring out the window. She didn't look up until she heard Deke's voice speaking into the phone. "Hello, *Daily News?*" he said with a look at Brigit. "Olivia Howard, please. Olivia? Deke Thomas—how are ya? Good. Listen, I've got an exclusive for you on the Fisherman story...."

It hit page 1 of the next day's issue, headlined "Fisherman Sells Story for \$5.4 Million":

A manuscript written by the crazed killer the Fisherman has been sold to August Fletcher & Company for "well into seven figures," reported literary agent Deke Thomas of the Writers Warehouse agency. Telling a hair-raising story of secret meetings and midnight conferences, Thomas explained that he worked with the killer on the book with the complete knowledge of the police.

Thomas described the killer as "a pathetic would-be writer without an ounce of talent whose bloodlust has made him the most valuable property in publishing today." He promised to provide a "graphic history of a degenerate, including blood-curdling descriptions of the sex murders as they happened. Frankly, the writing is laughably bad, but the violence and drama will more than make up for it," Thomas said.

The next morning, the Fisherman seemed to nibble at Deke's bait. He called Thomas at 8:42, and Deke re-

fused to take the call. The killer called ten more times before Deke knocked off at five; each time the operator said Mr. Thomas was unavailable. The big-time author-murderer was experiencing agent's freeze-out for the first time. The TV stations picked up the story and blared it all over Southern California: The Fisherman was a lousy writer.

Soon he won't have an ounce of self-image left, Deke thought to himself at home, and he'll go out and do something about it.

Brigit brought him the news in the form of an unposted letter. "Somebody dropped it off near the station house," she explained, "and you can guess who."

"Dear Mr. Thomas," the note began. "Your efforts are commendable. However, I will not accommodate either you or your pretty lady cop. Such a shame that the Fisherman will remain free, isn't it? Many thanks for selling my manuscript. You have made me a rich and happy man.

[Signed] The Fisherman."

"Son of a bitch," Deke hissed.

* * *

David Marlowe whistled happily to himself, his new Gucci loafers massaging his feet as he padded through the living room. All his life he wanted to see more of the world—the Swiss Alps, China, Africa. He had the chance now. The chance to travel, to buy the little adult toys he'd always coveted. The thought made Marlowe laugh. Still laughing when the doorbell rang, he opened the door and stared at the auburn-haired beauty who stood in the weak light of the hallway.

"Hello, Fisherman," said Brigit Slater.

Marlowe smiled, grandly sweeping his arm back. "I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about—Detective Slater. I've seen you on TV, of course. A shame you never caught your Fisherman. Please, do come in."

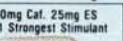
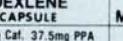
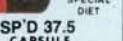
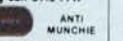
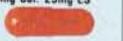
She stepped inside, and Marlowe locked the door behind her. Brigit eyed the new things that stood out in the cheap apartment; some were still in their boxes, the cardboard lids slit open with the X-acto knife that lay on the coffee table. Pointing to two packed suitcases, she asked: "Going somewhere, Marlowe?" He only smiled.

"If you're here on some sort of business, lady cop," Marlowe said, "you should get to it. I have some more packing to do." Brigit said nothing, walking to the banged-up portable typewriter on the wooden desk in the corner. A new, boxed IBM Selectric sat nearby.

"So this is the machine you wrote that piece of shit on? A shame to waste good machinery on garbage, isn't it?"

"Lady cop, you're not even as subtle as Deke Thomas, and his little news sto-

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ry didn't bother me. Why don't you get out?"

She sat on the couch, deliberately crossing her legs and showing a bit of thigh. She stared at the man with the sandy hair and mustache. "I'm off the case entirely. But as a—a friendly gesture, I thought I'd give you some advice. We are going to catch you. You're going to be followed everywhere."

"Then some lucky cop is going to get a world tour," Marlowe offered.

"Awww," cooed Brigit, pursing her lips. "That means all those cute little teenagers in your classes will miss you. Those girls with the tight little buns and the little boobies—"

"Do you mind?" Marlowe snapped.

"Please, Mr. Marlowe, could you help me?" she mimicked. "I'd do just about anything to pass your class."

Brigit was shooting in the dark, but she could tell from his reddening face that she'd hit close to the mark. "And if they only knew that dear Mr. Marlowe has got premature ejaculation. I did my homework, teacher. You can learn a lot from crime reports. Funny how the coroner could tell that from the clues. Funny how you never mentioned that in your manuscript."

He struck her hard across the face with his open palm. "I could have you arrested, you know," he said grimly.

"This is harassment, cop. I could call the cops on you."

"You don't know the meaning of harassment, asshole. We're going to stop you. Try leaving the country; just try. We'll nab you at the airport and bust you for vagrancy. Try driving out of town, and the Highway Patrol will haul you in for drunk driving."

"I can hire top-notch lawyers," Marlowe snapped. "I've got all the money in the—"

"Oh, yeah, your \$5-million book deal," Brigit smiled. "That's another funny thing. Mr. Come-in-Your-Pants, you've been screwed. You're not making a dime on your shitty book. They've already stopped payment on your advance."

"That's not true," he said flatly. "We've signed contracts. I'm protected by the law."

"You're *screwed* by the law, asshole. The 'Son of Sam' law in New York prevents criminals from profiting from their crimes. Any blood money they earn goes right to the families of their victims. And you signed with a *New York* publisher. What's \$5 million divided by 15 victims, teacher?"

"Shut up!"

"Deke Thomas knew that all along, but what does he care? He still makes his percentage. You get zip." She saw

the pupils of his eyes dilate, the corners of his mouth turn inward. "All this stuff—" she gestured to the new purchases around the room—"how are you going to pay for it *now*? Not on a teacher's salary. Besides, you quit today, didn't you? Yes, I know—we checked. Try to get your job back with two uniformed cops ten paces behind you." She poked him in the chest daringly. "Things don't look too good for you, do they? We're going to hound you and harass you until the whole world knows what a sick, limp-dick creep you are. And I'll love every minute of it."

Marlowe struck her hard in the belly, knocking out her wind. She'd braced for the blow, but it came too quick and too strong for her to recover. He grabbed her throat in one hand and pushed her violently back to the couch, ripping her dress from the neck down to her waist. Another vicious rip tore Brigit's lace bra away, exposing her breasts. Anger and betrayal had brought the Fisherman back to life.

"You killed them," Brigit gasped breathlessly, "killed them all—raped and slashed 15 young women."

"Yes, you stupid, filthy bitch," he hissed. His hand left her throat and brutally squeezed her breasts. He planted his knee firmly in her crotch, pinning Brigit to the couch. She saw the growing erection in his pants and shuddered. He spotted the X-acto knife on the coffee table and grabbed it.

"Deke!" Brigit screamed. Her eyes widened in fear; the Fisherman smiled when he saw that.

Two explosions crashed through the doorknob, and the door burst inward. Deke Thomas looked around quickly, leveled the .38 police special and fired four times into the killer's chest. The Fisherman flopped to the floor, knocking over the two suitcases.

"Where the hell were you?" Brigit asked, hugging Deke tightly. She unclipped the tiny transmitter from the lapel of her coat and clicked off the switch.

"Waiting for him to say something."

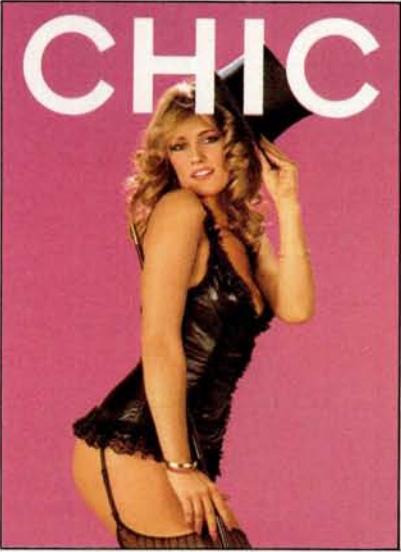
"You wait too *patiently*." She started to laugh, but it turned into a shudder. She looked down at the body of the Fisherman oozing blood onto the bare carpet. "Nice shooting, Quick Draw."

"We do have it on tape now," she said at last. He nodded, and she took her .38 revolver from his hand.

"'The Bloody Blade' is a pretty cliched title, isn't it?" he asked, looking at the gruesome scene.

"You've got a better one?"

Deke Thomas smoothed the detective's hair and smiled. "How does 'I Killed the Fisherman' strike you?"



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Betty was a wonderful, sexy wife, and after our five years together I was shattered when I lost her to cancer. I tried to put my emotional life back together bit by bit, and after about six months I found myself getting a crush on Candy, a waitress at the bar I went to. I took her home one night, and we had a few drinks and got into the sack. I remember feeling a little guilty because it'd been less than a year since Betty had died.

But I had something else to worry about. No matter what Candy did, no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't get it up. I tried again the next morning for a half hour to get hard, and then got so mad at myself that I kicked Candy out of my apartment. Needless to say, I never went back to her bar.

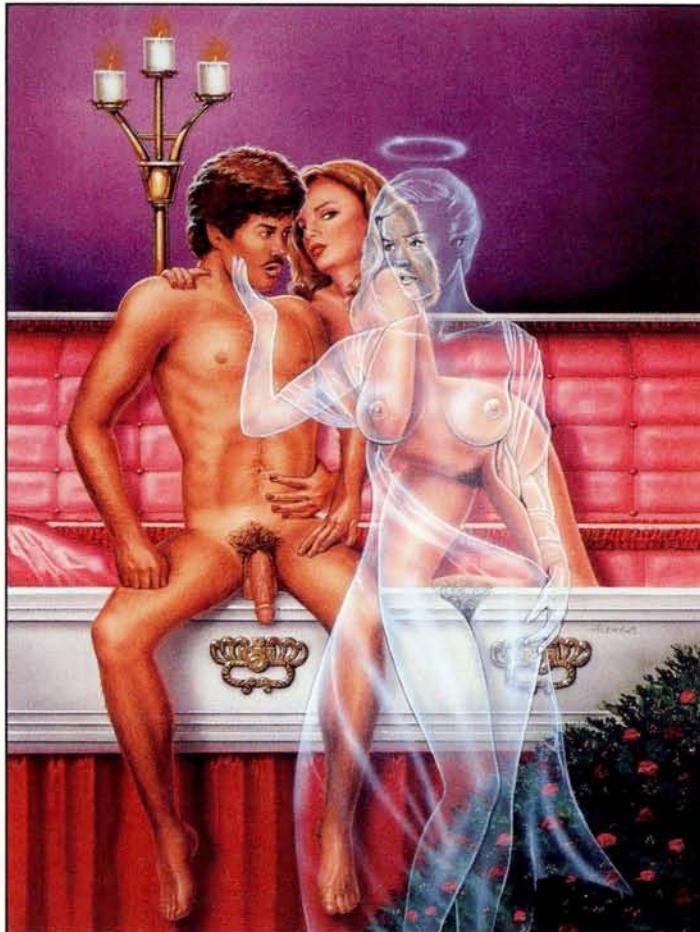
Several months later I picked up a hooker. I figured maybe I needed professional help, and who knows more sex gimmicks than a whore? I paid her the 50 bucks, but when we got into bed, it was the same damned thing. After about 20 minutes she got dressed and left.

Every three or four months for the next year, I'd pick up a hooker, and it was always the same. Just when I was on the verge of blowing my brains out or something, I saw a hooker who looked like she might solve my problem. She didn't look *exactly* like Betty, but she had the same hair color and style, and her smile looked a little like Betty's; so I picked her up and took her home with me.

When we got there, I made drinks, trying to relax. Nervously, I showed her around. She asked who the woman was in all the pictures, and I explained. The hooker told me her name—Lisa—and I led the way to the bedroom.

Lisa stripped off her hotpants and cut-off blouse, revealing rosy pink nipples and a dark-blond patch of pubes. When she got into bed with me, I closed my eyes and tried to let nature take its course. I thought for sure that a chick who reminded me of my wife would help, that I could fool my own cock.

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. *HUSTLER* pays \$100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



MY LOVER, THE GHOST

by Robert Vincent

Not a chance.

Lisa didn't shrug off my impotence like the others had. She seemed concerned instead. "Tell me what's wrong," she said. "Is it because I look like your wife?"

I explained that *that* was the reason I had picked her up, and pretty soon the whole story spilled out. Lisa kept reassuring me. She got me to talk about Betty and about what we used to do together, in bed and out. Finally she got dressed. She accepted my \$50, and then, on impulse, I gave her one of Betty's brooches. Lisa gave it back, saying that

it meant too much to me, but I told her that she deserved it. She kept it but handed back the \$50.

One night about a week later Lisa called me—I guess she'd got the number from my telephone dial—and told me to come over because she had something to show me. I jotted down the address and jumped in the car.

When I got there, I parked and rang her bell, and she buzzed me in. Her apartment door was unlocked; so after I knocked once, I went inside, closing and locking the door.

The living room had an odor of too many flowers. The only light came from several candles, and the room was piled high with flowers, all in bright colors. The apartment looked—and smelled—like a funeral home. I took off my coat and called her name: no answer. So I sat down to smoke a cigarette and wait, feeling creepy, uneasy.

Lisa called my name from the other room. I followed the sound of her voice into the bedroom.

What I saw caused me to drop my cigarette on the floor, and several seconds went by before I remembered to step on it. On one side of the room, opposite the bed, was a white coffin resting on two supports that raised it to table height. Around the coffin were more flowers and candles in ornate holders. It brought to mind all the flowers around Betty's casket. But what was

inside this open coffin caught my eye.

Lisa lay peacefully, her face made up the way Betty's used to be—the way Lisa had seen it in the photographs. She wore a black dress, and at her throat she wore the brooch I'd given her. Her breast rose and fell gently. The front of her dress was only half-laced so I could see her cleavage. She'd brushed her face lightly with face powder to make it whiter than natural. She looked so beautiful and peaceful there, framed by the pink velvet lining of the coffin.

Maybe I should have been angry, but the odd little scene grabbed something

deep inside me. I stared at the body in the casket for several minutes.

"Robert," she whispered without opening her eyes, "please make love to me again. It's been so long."

I heard Lisa's voice—but my inner mind heard Betty. I leaned in and touched the flesh of her bare, pale arms, and it was warm. That shocked me—I half-expected it to be as cold as death. I ran my hands over her body, feeling the firmness beneath the black dress, feeling live, warm flesh. I wanted to cry and laugh: My cock was moving in my pants. I was actually getting a hard-on!

Excitedly, I pulled down my pants, even forgetting to take off my shoes and socks. My cock stood up at a sharp 45-degree angle, and I climbed into the coffin and lay on top of her.

I bent my head down to kiss her lips, then pulled away. She smiled, opened her eyes slowly and ran her hands over my bare back, pulling me toward her again. I felt her cool fingers around my stiffened cock—it was tremendously *stiffened!*—and busied myself with her laced bodice, pulling the material aside and exposing her firm, pink tits. Balancing in the coffin with my knees straddling her legs, I bent down to lick them into tautness. The pink silkiness of the coffin lining brushed my cheek as I bent down, reminding me of the time Betty

had surprised me with new silk sheets. I closed my eyes and imagined Betty's hand on my cock.

Lisa moaned and squirmed as I sucked each pink nub into my mouth, twirling my tongue around it. She pulled harder on my prick, stroking from head to balls and back again, begging me to put it in her. I pressed my mouth hard against hers so she could only moan. My cock got even harder.

I pulled up the hem of her dress and felt the curls of her cunt hair wet with juice. I wanted a taste of that! Shifting my weight in the coffin made it rock unsteadily, but I managed to turn around and push my face between her thighs. I licked her slit, and more juice oozed from her snatch. I ate her greedily, like a man who'd been starving. The more I licked, the more it seemed her flavor changed: It began to taste sweeter, thicker, like Betty's had been. I closed my lips around her clit and nibbled on it gently. Betty had always loved that, and I could tell I was doing the right thing when the pussy below me pushed into my face.

Lisa rotated her hips rhythmically, and her head was thrashing from side to side on the silk pillow. She then gushed a load of sweet juice into my mouth, her hands clawing at my back. I had always made sure my wife came before I did; it

made my orgasm even more satisfying.

I shifted back around—rocking the coffin again—and positioned myself over her. Lisa ran her fingers over her cunt, pulled the lips apart and guided me inside her. I sighed a long, heavy sigh and sank into her deeply, remembering the hot feeling of Betty's pussy. Then I began pumping. She grabbed my ass cheeks and pulled, taking my dick even deeper. I fucked harder, desperately. The coffin creaked from our efforts, the lid wobbling precariously. Lisa licked her index finger and slid it up my ass, screwing it in a little at a time. When I'd told Lisa what Betty had done, she *had* listened. Her finger up my butt made my cock swell even more.

She matched me thrust for thrust, her slim hips keeping perfect time with me. If I kept my eyes closed, it *was* my wife that I was fucking. She had come back to me, to love me. Deep within I felt the shudder I remembered from so long ago. Lisa sensed this and urged me on. I slowed, wanting it to go on, but I couldn't hold back. I began to shoot off, a dozen giant spurts of cum blasting into her wet pussy. We both trembled—and the coffin lid came down on top of us with a loud bang.

It was dark—absolutely dark. Neither of us had room to move. I felt her cheek against mine, her hot breath in my ear. The sticky, syrupy mix of our cum glued our genitals together. But the idea of being trapped in a coffin terrified me.

"It's all right now, Bob," she whispered. "Making love is beautiful. I want you to do it." In that enclosed space it sounded like a voice from the clouds. I hugged her, kissed her neck—then helped her push the lid up. Candlelight, warm and comforting, bathed our bodies. For a while we lay in the box together, the soft material against our sweaty bodies. Finally, we got out.

I asked her why she'd gone to all the trouble, and she said that she'd felt sorry for me, that it was a "professional challenge," and besides, the brooch had been the nicest tip any customer ever gave her. She took off her black gown, stripped the rest of my clothes from me and led me to the bed. I looked at her carefully and realized that she didn't look that much like Betty after all—but her full breasts and delicious pussy were inviting all the same.

We fucked again that night, and I had no problem getting hard at all. And I haven't had a problem since. I realize now that my only problem was guilt—I had felt that I was "cheating" on Betty even though she'd been dead so long. But not now. I know it's okay to love—and fuck—other women. I know because "Betty" told me.

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Honey

THERE'S NOTHING BETTER ON A WARM SPRING EVENING THAN A DRIVE WITH THE TOP DOWN—EXCEPT A DRIVE WITH **BOTH** TOPS DOWN. BUT HONEY'S AFRAID SHE MAY BE BASKING IN MORE THAN JUST MOONGLOW



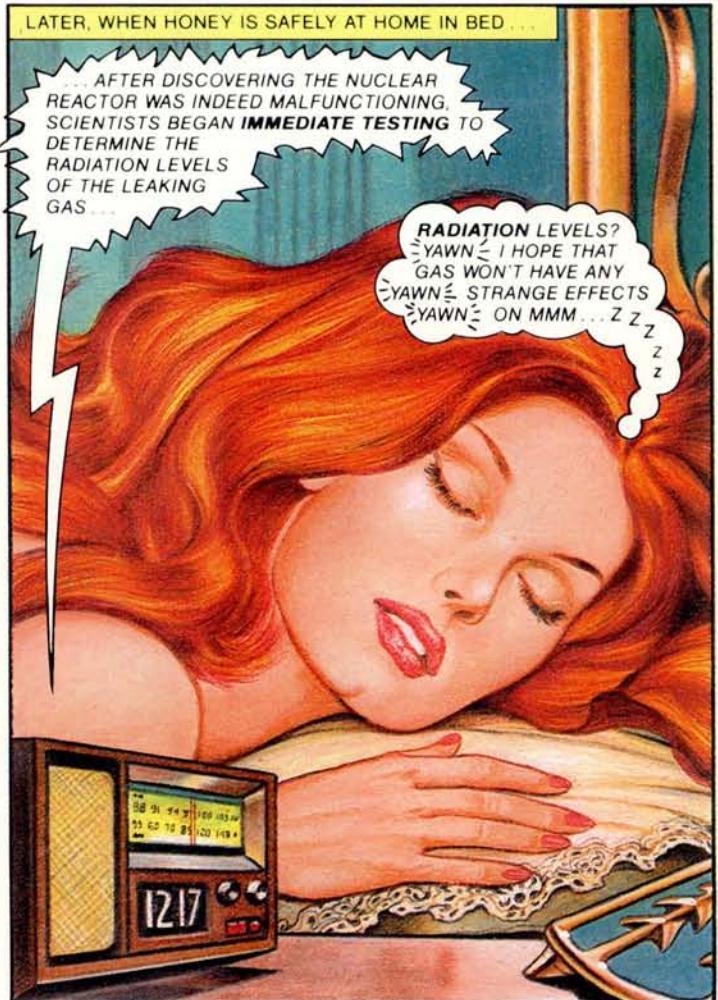
BUT BEFORE SHE CAN TURN AROUND, THE WIND PUSHES THE CLOUD RIGHT INTO HER PATH!



LATER, WHEN HONEY IS SAFELY AT HOME IN BED...

...AFTER DISCOVERING THE NUCLEAR REACTOR WAS INDEED MALFUNCTIONING, SCIENTISTS BEGAN **IMMEDIATE TESTING** TO DETERMINE THE RADIATION LEVELS OF THE LEAKING GAS...

RADIATION LEVELS?
YAWN I HOPE THAT GAS WON'T HAVE ANY
STRANGE EFFECTS
YAWN ON MMM... Z Z Z
Z Z



GUESS WHAT, HONEY?

WHAT HAPPENED?!? OMIGOSH, THE
RADIOACTIVE GAS! I'M HUGE!

A MONSTER!
HELP!

A CURE!?
WE'LL NEVER
EVEN FIND A
BRA!

DON'T WORRY,
HONEY! WE'LL
FIND A CURE!

CALL THE
POLICE!

CALL THE
MARINES!

HONEY STANDS UP TO FIND SHE'S REALLY REACHED A NEW
HEIGHT IN HER CAREER.

FIRST THREE-MILE ISLAND
AND NOW THREE-MILE HONEY!
IF ONLY I COULD GET MY HANDS
ON THE GUY WHO SAID THAT
NUCLEAR REACTORS WOULD
BE SAFE! I'D... I'D EAT HIM!

LOOK! ZE
POLICE ARE
COMING!

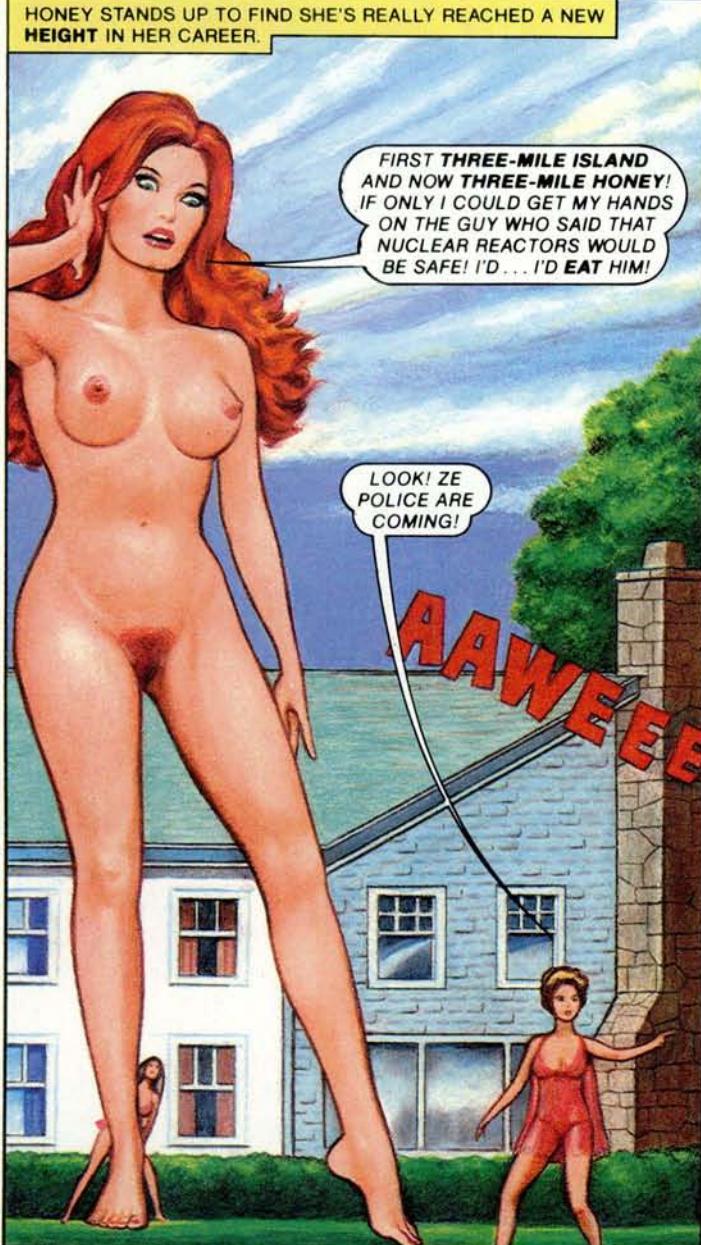
AAWEEE

RESPONDING TO THE CALLS OF TERRIFIED NEIGHBORS, THE
POLICE ARRIVE AT HONEY'S, AND
MICHELLE EXPLAINS
THE SITUATION.

ONE SNEEZE AND
YOU'RE HISTORY. SO
DON'T GET CUTE.

AFTER SHE PASSED
ZE REACTOR, SHE CAME
HOME AND WENT TO
BED. ZIS MORNING
SHE WOKE UP AND
... VOILA!

WELL, IT AIN'T AGAINST THE
LAW TO BE BIG. BUT IF YA DON'T
GET HER FIFTY-FOOT NAKED BODY
BEHIND THE HOUSE, I'LL BRING
HER IN FOR IMPERSONATING
A NATIONAL MONUMENT!



CONFINED TO HER BACKYARD, HONEY FINDS THAT NUCLEAR MUTATION CAN BE BORING.

NO CLOTHES, NO FREEDOM TO GO WHERE I CHOOSE BECAUSE I'LL SCARE THE TOWNSPEOPLE—AND NO MEN! HMM...

...WONDER WHAT A FIFTY-FOOT ORGASM FEELS LIKE?



INSIDE THE HOUSE, A FEW OF THE GIRLS ARE TRYING TO CONDUCT BUSINESS AS USUAL, WHEN THE JOINT STARTS ROCKING!

EARTHQUAKE!

Q-Q-QUICK! EVERYONE OUTSIDE B-B-BEFORE DER ROOF FALLS IN ON US!



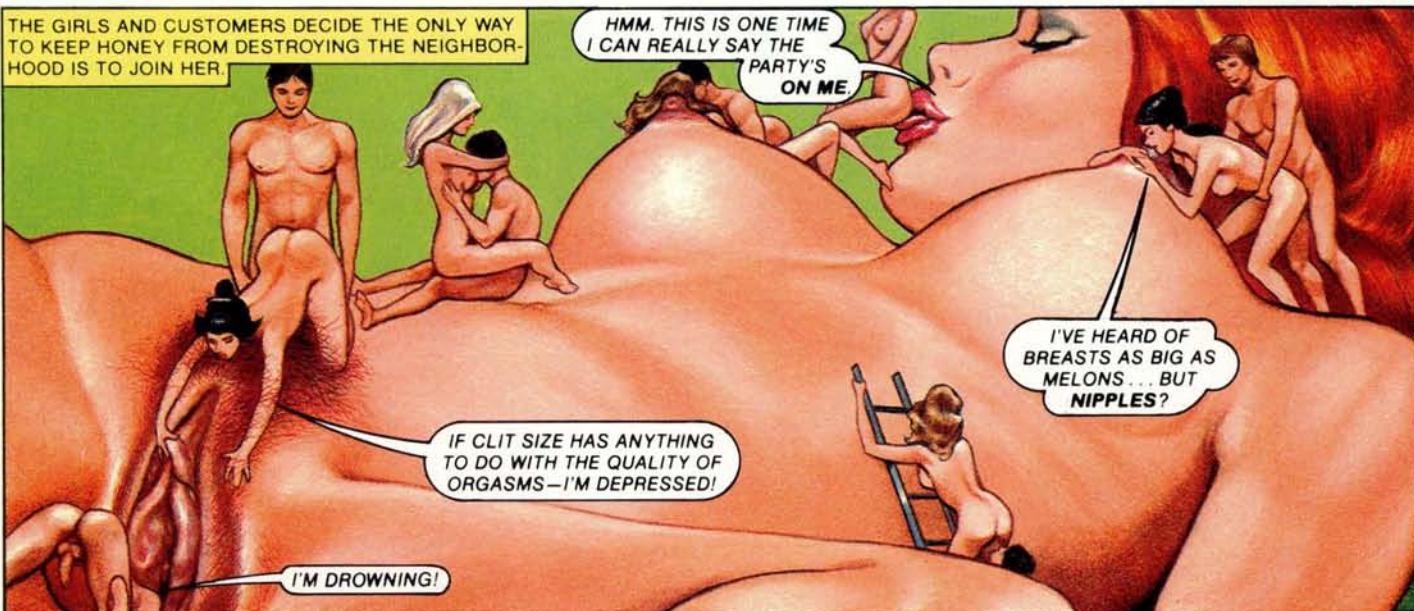
THE GIRLS AND CUSTOMERS DECIDE THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP HONEY FROM DESTROYING THE NEIGHBORHOOD IS TO JOIN HER.

HMM. THIS IS ONE TIME I CAN REALLY SAY THE PARTY'S ON ME

I'VE HEARD OF BREASTS AS BIG AS MELONS... BUT NIPPLES?

IF CLIT SIZE HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE QUALITY OF ORGASMS—I'M DEPRESSED!

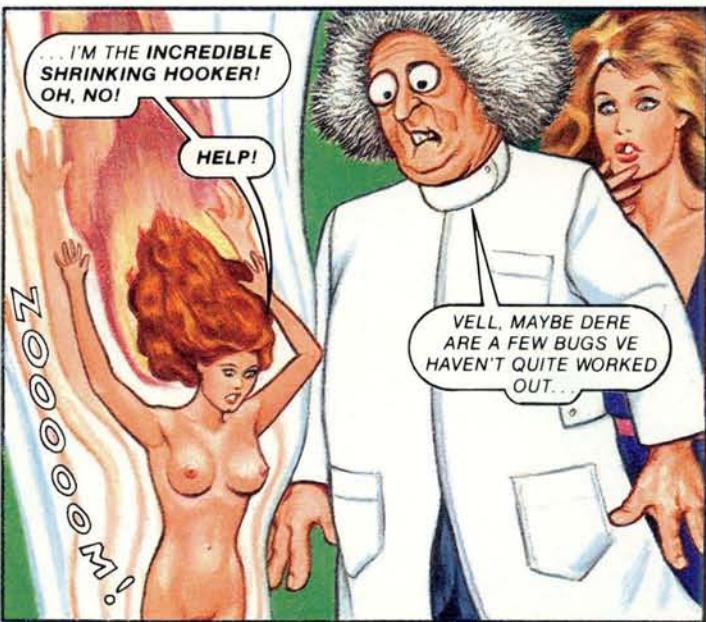
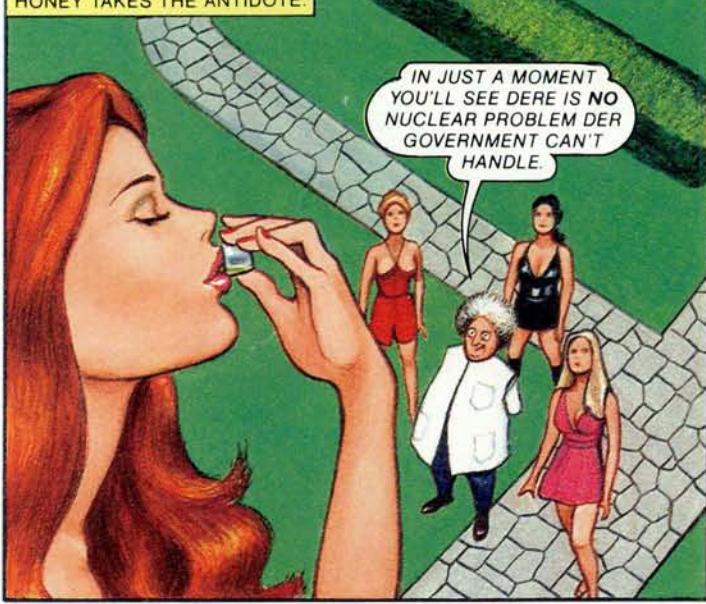
I'M DROWNING!



IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE AMERICA'S LEADING NUCLEAR PHYSICIST, ALLBURNt HEINDSIGHT, COMES UP WITH AN ANTIDOTE FOR HONEY'S GROWING PAINS.



HONEY TAKES THE ANTIDOTE.



This column helps you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER Magazine*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your hard-earned money. If you're having a problem, please write to *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Besides to us, we suggest that you complain about your mail-order problems to your Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

3-D PORN

The more popular adult home-viewing becomes, the more visual gimmicks we're going to see spring from the minds of the producers of pornographic fare. In 1983 it's 3-D adult films. Unfortunately, the reality (so far) is a distant cry from the idea's potential.

Late last year, *Sexcalibur*, a feature-length videotape put out by *Select/Essex*, served as a disastrous introduction to 3-D adult home-viewing. The tape was yanked off the market soon after its release when viewers complained about getting more headaches than hard-ons. It seems the picture, shot on film, "washed out" and lost all 3-D effect when transferred to tape. The producers were burned, but a technological lesson was learned.

Foxy Boxing and *Mud Madness* are two new hourlong 3-D titles that boast moments of fairly decent three-dimensional effects. One scene in *Mud Madness* features an ejaculating cock squirting right out of the tube. At any rate, these two tapes, which were shot in 3-D on videotape (so the dimensional effect wasn't destroyed in the transfer from film), provide a satisfying introduction to this new genre of adult home-viewing.

Foxy and *Mud* are available through mail-order from *Video Sales Company* (P.O. Box 8325, Van Nuys, CA 91409). Each tape is \$64.95. You must include \$5 shipping and handling per order.

As the dimension of adult video expands, we'll keep you abreast of the good, the bad and the blurry.

HAVE NO FEAR

On September 25, 1982, I ordered six 8mm films from *Gem Products* in California. I've written the company three times and have yet to receive my order. What's the story?

—P. O.
Buffalo, New York

Gem Products is one of the genuine old-timers in the adult-products distribution business, and we were curious ourselves about whether it was beginning to slack off with its customers. The fact is, after 25 years at the same L.A. location, *Gem* recently moved its operation—and that's the reason for the delay in shipment of P.O.'s (and several other readers') orders.

A spokesman for *Gem* told us that the massive changeover resulted in a "few problems—but none we couldn't handle. You don't stay in this business for a quarter of a century by ignoring your customers." Agreeing wholeheartedly, we encouraged *Gem* to check on all complaints sent to us by readers who haven't received their goods. The *Gem* spokesman went on to say that everyone dealing with the firm should "have no fear—all problems will be taken care of."

To contact *Gem* directly at its new address—either to complain about lack of delivery or even to request a catalog of its fine line of hard-core films and tapes—write *Gem Products* (9020 Eaton, #F, Canoga Park, CA 91304).

BACK ORDER

I sent \$41.95 to *J. H. Products* (P.O. Box 1047, Scarsdale, NY 10583) for a *John Holmes Super Pump* back in December 1982 after seeing an ad in the January 1983 *HUSTLER*. I've

waited more than three months and have received nothing.

—L. D.
Ann Arbor, Michigan

J. H. Products is a division of the giant *21st Century Products*, an adult-products distributor based in Scarsdale, New York. According to Shiela Watson, director of customer service for *21st*, the Holmes cock enlargers have been on back order for some time—nearly four months. Ms. Watson told us the firm still has unfulfilled orders for the enlarger dating back to November of last year and is trying its best to fill them. The problem is that the manufacturer of the pump is delivering only partial shipments, and there just are not enough pumps in stock to fill all the back orders.

If you've been waiting an unreasonably long time for the pump you ordered from *J. H.*, you can either continue to wait (another shipment of pumps is expected soon, and all back orders should be filled), or you can write a letter to Shiela Watson at *21st Century Products* (111 Brook St., Scarsdale, NY 10583) and request a full refund. Ms. Watson assures us that if you include proof of purchase and indicate you've been waiting more than two months for your order, you will receive a *complete refund*.

PASS THE MILK

This may sound strange, but I love to watch films in which women squeeze milk out of their tits. But I've had a hard time finding this kind of stuff. Can you help?

—R. E.
Williamsburg, Virginia

A lactating breast excites many men. *Valentine Products* (P.O. Box 6200, Newtown, CT 06470) has just released three new 8mm and Super 8 loops: "Young Mothers," "Marci's Milky Tits" and "Marci and Linnea." All feature vitamin-D viewing at its wettest. Each film costs \$29.95, or you can get all three on one VHS or BETA videotape for \$49.95. Enclose \$1.95 shipping and handling per item. And don't forget the cookies. . . .

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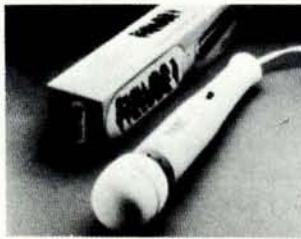
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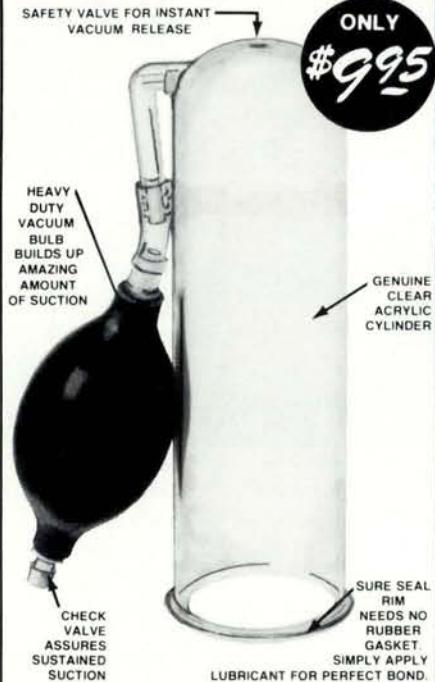
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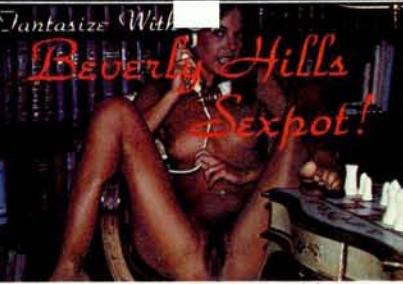
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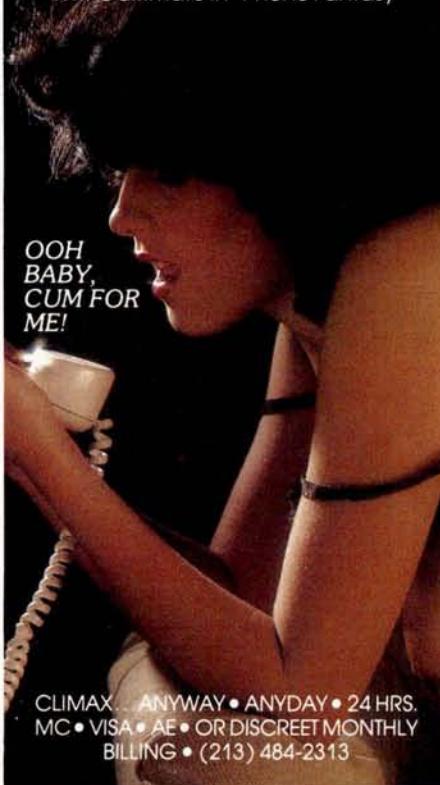


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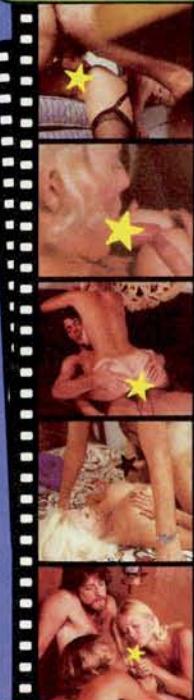
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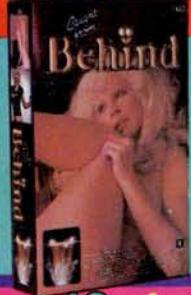
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Film #GFI Magazine #GM1

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Film #GF2 Magazine #GM2

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Film #GF3 Magazine #GM3

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Film #GF4 Magazine #GM4

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Film #GF5 Magazine #GM5

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Film #GF6 Magazine #GM6

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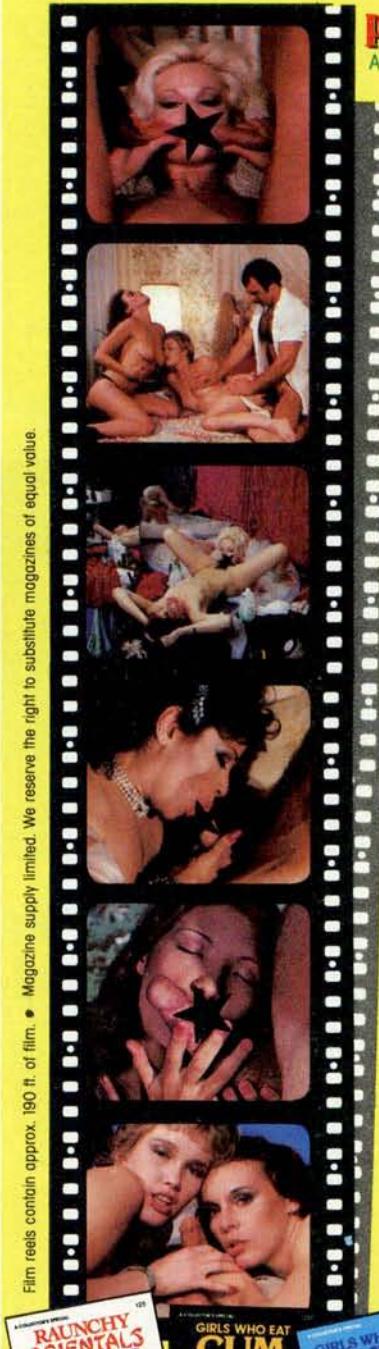
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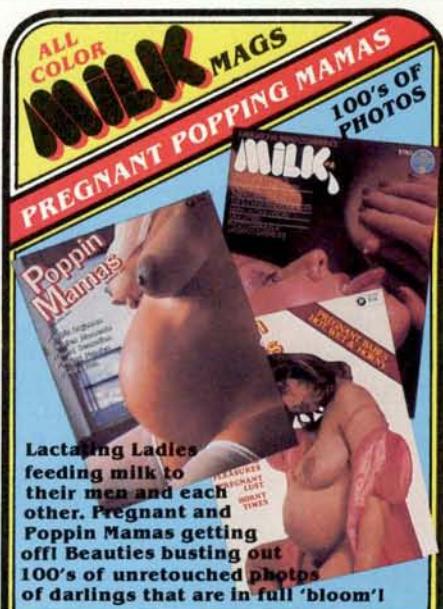
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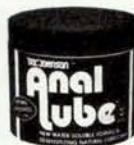
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A-73

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THE UFO COVERUP

(continued from page 54)

servative, stable backgrounds—who claimed they were abducted by a UFO and subjected to painful physical examinations by humanoid creatures.

"These women didn't just start telling their story," says Schuessler. "They knew *something* had happened because there were three hours missing in their lives. Only after prolonged hypnosis were they able to recall what happened. The memories were obviously terrifying too. All three women thereafter showed personality changes and suffered severe medical and psychological problems. One died of a stroke; another has had three heart attacks and expects to die soon. The third is in a deeply depressed state in which all her normal functions and systems seem to be shutting down.

"I feel that a number of people genuinely feel they've been abducted. A number are not kooks; they are normal, hardworking Americans. If these people are hallucinating, that's one thing. But how do three people hallucinate the same dream at the exact same time?"

Famed astronomer Robert Jastrow has a theory on why there have been so many UFO reports in the past 20 years. "Television stations scattered across Earth have been spraying their signals into space at a million-watt level," explains Jastrow. "That expanding shell of television signals, moving away from Earth at the speed of light, has traveled 240 trillion miles. It has now swept past more than 40 stars in the neighborhood of the sun. Old [TV] programs, moving away from Earth at the speed of light, have carried the message to these stars that intelligent life exists on this planet. For the first time in 4.6 billion years [Earth's estimated age], our planet is a notable object in the heavens."

To many experts there is something much more frightening than the thought of other forms of life homing in on our television signals and seeking out our "young" planet. And that is, visitors from outer space have already made some type of contact, which our government won't admit.

"We have truth-in-lending laws," says one UFO expert. "Why can't we have truth-in-UFO-reporting laws?"

To ensure that UFO sightings are investigated by capable civilian scientists—rather than relying upon the military—report any unidentified flying object to the Center for UFO Studies, P.O. Box 1402, Evanston, IL 60201. The telephone number is (312) 491-6666, and the phones are manned around the clock.

INTERVIEW: JOHN HOLMES

(continued from page 46)

for three hours a day—pouring coffee for the other inmates or sweeping down the tier. They called me the Porno Janitor. When I went on my hunger strike, I was no longer a trusty. I guess they thought I'd start dropping the cups as I got weaker.

HUSTLER: Why did you refuse to eat?

HOLMES: I'd been pushed around for so long that I felt I had to do something. I regretted that the only bullet I had in my arsenal was my health, but I had to show in some way that I resented having my Constitutional rights dismissed.

HUSTLER: How did the hunger strike affect you?

HOLMES: I was miserable. I didn't enjoy it at all. For the first few days, I thought of nothing but mounds and mounds of caviar. I dreamed about being chased by a strawberry shortcake. Then it was Big Macs and Chicken McNuggets. For the first 20 days I lived on nothing but water and coffee and the sleeping pill I was given each night. Eventually my eyesight started going, I had terrible stomach cramps, and I almost fainted when I tried to stand up. Before the strike, I used to think about what I would do when I got out. I thought it might be fun to go back to school and take some anthropology courses. I thought maybe it was time to find a girl I'd like to talk to and fuck for free. But those things rarely crossed my mind during the hunger strike. All I could think about was how hungry I was and whether they would ever let me out.

HUSTLER: Why did you finally stop?

HOLMES: I was in the infirmary, and they were going to force-feed me with a tube down my throat. How can you starve if they're going to tie you down and force-feed you?

HUSTLER: What were your thoughts when you agreed to testify before the grand jury?

HOLMES: The same as they had been before. I was looking forward to freedom, food and sex. The day I testified I sat in a stainless-steel holding tank at the courthouse for 6½ hours, staring at a wall, building up a lot of anxiety and anticipation. Eventually I answered every question asked of me for 2½ hours more. They obviously believed me on every count, or I would still be in jail.

HUSTLER: What were your first impressions once you were freed?

HOLMES: My skin got washed out in jail. I came out looking like a powdered geisha, with very white skin. The first thing I felt was the wind on my skin. Then I smelled leaves and grass—not the kind you smoke. I was affected by

everything. I stayed up all night to see the sunrise. There was no window in my cell at the Los Angeles County Jail.

HUSTLER: Will you ever be able to put that time in jail out of your mind?

HOLMES: No, but I'll be able to draw on the experience forever. I have the knowledge now of something I hated—the restriction of freedom and being treated as if I were subhuman.

HUSTLER: What do you see for yourself in the future?

HOLMES: I've got seven films lined up now, some of them things I've written. There is talk of cable television, a movie of the week, and there is the autobiography to finish. As long as there's a demand, I'll work in pornography—acting, producing, directing, distributing and the photography end of it. Pornography is still a developing art. Major cinema has hit a peak. Visually, it has reached technical perfection and has no place left to go. In pornography we are still finding more sensitive ways to portray what people are going to see in the sexual film. It gets better each year, more visually complicated. It grows in strength. There is plenty of room left for anybody who has artistic knowledge or value to work.

HUSTLER: Is there anything you won't do in porn movies?

HOLMES: When I was starting out, a producer offered me \$500 to have sex with a 14-year-old girl. I turned him down, even though it was big money back in those days. I won't work with children, animals or dwarfs—for obvious reasons.

HUSTLER: What about homosexuals?

HOLMES: Because nearly 50% of my audience is gay, I made one 8mm, 15-minute loop specifically directed at the gay market. The film found its audience. It sold 3 million copies. In it a guy went down on me. I couldn't keep my erection. I'm a slut with no sexual morals at all, but I've never had the urge for a man. I've never had a cock in my mouth. But who knows?—I'm not dead yet.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about S&M?

HOLMES: I've been in sadomasochistic films in which people whipped, chained and raped each other, but I wasn't the one doing it. In the only bondage film I made—also an 8mm, 15-minute silent loop—I was the one who was tied up. And it was the girl who forced me into oral copulation and simulated whipping me.

HUSTLER: When *Exhausted* was released last year, you implied that you really didn't want to do porn movies anymore. Was that true?

HOLMES: No. I've always been very

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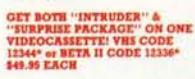
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satisfied with my role in adult films. I was doing a lot of cocaine at the time. Under cocaine you become mentally bored with whatever you're doing. A lot of the ups and downs I was going through were narcotic ups and downs. It was a side effect of the drug.

HUSTLER: How did you break the habit?

HOLMES: It was a matter of willpower. I just stopped. You don't go through physical withdrawal. It's not painful. Quitting cocaine is like quitting cigarettes, only it's ten times harder. The craving is there, but after the first three days it gets a lot easier. My mind cleared up immediately. I wondered why I hadn't done it years ago. I'll never do it again, because now I realize it's disgusting, it's expensive, it's decadent, and it's habit-forming. At the time I was doing cocaine, my career was at a low point. Now that I'm through with cocaine, I'm starting to come back to another plateau. I've got a good energy flow.

HUSTLER: How much do you think about pornography?

HOLMES: As little as possible. When I'm away from a movie set, the last thing I want to do is go to a pornographic film or think about one. A baker doesn't go home and eat cookies all night either. If I do go, it's to see how a certain photographer or director works. Someone once

asked me to rate the sexual performances of porn actresses I've worked with. There's no way I could do that—simply because that's not real sex to me.

HUSTLER: Then what is?

HOLMES: Making love with somebody I really love to be with. Every couple of months I have to stop what I'm doing and find that kind of person. Otherwise everything is a lie. The way I touch a person I love to be with, smell that person, make love to her, is a fact. It's different when I go back to my tricks or my movies. I know what is real and what is fake.

HUSTLER: How would you describe your lovemaking technique?

HOLMES: I take my time. It's a couple of hours of foreplay. I find it's always better to make a woman climax three or four times before I start to think about intercourse. Good sex is like fine wine. It isn't something to be guzzled. I roll it out. I taste it. I smell it. It can't be done in a dark room. I never come with a trick, because if she wants sex a second time or a third time, it's more work for me. So I simulate orgasm. If I go to bed with a woman to service her, everything I do is to satisfy her emotionally and physically.

HUSTLER: What's the age range of the tricks you service?

HOLMES: One of them, a woman mar-

ried to a rock star who was never home, was 27. The rest of them are between 35 and 60. Some of them are raving beauties, and some of them are dogs. If a trick is very wrinkled and overweight, I pray her husband gives her head—because if he doesn't, I'll have to.

HUSTLER: Doesn't all this emphasis on sex—both off- and onscreen—get tiresome after a while?

HOLMES: Sure, but sometimes it can also be gratifying. Before I got into free-basing cocaine and stopped working, I received more than 2,000 fan letters a month. Half of the people who wrote to me said that seeing my films had helped them over sexual repressions of their own, and thanked me for helping them. That made me feel good. On the other hand, it's no fun coming home to find strange cars in my driveway and people standing on my front lawn taking pictures of my house. Usually I can't even rent an apartment. I'll have a girlfriend rent it in her name, and I'll go in at midnight after the lease is signed. I had to change my phone number seven times in one month because of a gay guy who kept calling in the middle of the night to tell me what he wanted me to do to him. When the telephone company traced him, he turned out to be one of its operators. Sometimes it's funny. More often it isn't. Maybe that's the price of fame.

SEX PLAY

(continued from page 31)

two specific viruses: cytomegalovirus (a virus in the herpes family) and Epstein-Barr virus.

The theory that seems to make the most sense is that AIDS is some kind of virus that vigorously attacks the immune system. Some believe the agent could be a mutation of a known virus or bacterium, like cytomegalovirus. This new "super germ," they theorize, could somehow invade the body and knock out the immune system before the virus is recognized and killed by T cells. These are special cells, found in the organs, that work along with white blood cells to seek out and destroy any invaders trying to enter the body. Doctors have found severe shortages of T helpers in AIDS victims.

The most popular theory among the majority of Center for Disease Control investigators is that AIDS is a *new* virus that originated in some other country and has only recently appeared in the United States. Africa, where Kaposi's sarcoma is a common form of cancer, and Haiti are the two most likely candidates. Such a virus is probably spread like hepatitis, through oral-fecal contact or through blood and bodily fluids.

(continued on page 134)

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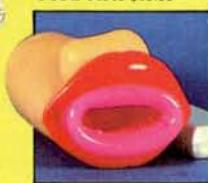
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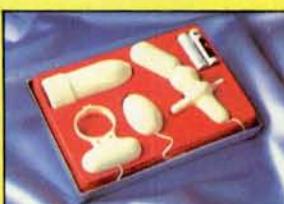
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Researchers are theorizing that AIDS is a sexually transmitted disease with an incubation period of six months to two years. Individuals with the disease are probably infectious for only a few days, although there may be carriers who are capable of spreading the disease for much longer periods of time. For this reason the Red Cross has begun screening potential blood donors to ascertain whether they are members of high-risk groups.

The outlook for those who contract the disease isn't very good. Forty percent of the 1,000-plus victims of the disorder have already died, and the majority of the others are expected to die within two years.

While the exact nature of the disease is still a mystery, its symptoms are not. There are definite danger signals that you should be aware of—early-warning signs that can tip off the presence of an AIDS infection. The illness usually begins with a persistent fever that lasts for four or five days or comes and goes over a period of weeks. There is also an unexplained weight loss of ten to 20 pounds in just a few months. The infection is usually accompanied by a general weakness or rundown feeling and the appearance of bluish or purplish splotches on the skin. Swollen lymph glands, herpes sores that worsen and won't heal, diarrhea, and sores around the anus are also indications of the disease. If you or anyone you know has these symptoms, a doctor should be sought immediately.

A cure for AIDS must await a better understanding of the nature and causes of the disease. For now, the best hope lies in prevention. One pharmaceutical company is working on a contraceptive jelly that kills germs, but nobody knows its effectiveness against AIDS. Condoms may be ineffective against the disease, for if AIDS is a virus as doctors think, it would be small enough to pass through the pores of the latex.

The only real option for the present is to modify our sexual behavior. Perhaps limiting the number of one's sexual partners or choosing those partners more discriminately is the answer. There's strong evidence to indicate that AIDS may be transmitted through oral-genital-anal contact. Modifying sexual adventuring and variation may be one sad alternative until medical science can find out how exactly the disease is transmitted.

At the moment, AIDS may be a mysterious, little-known killer. But if the fears of investigators prove true, and the disease continues to spread at its present rate, Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome could become more infamous than the Black Plague.

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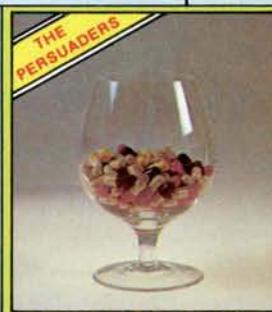
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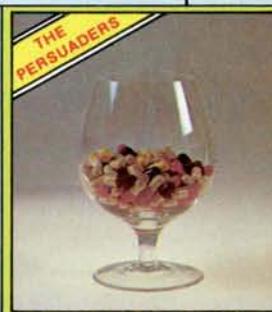
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LARRY FLYNT TELLS ALL!—In a candid conversation the man behind the world's most controversial magazine speaks out in his first full-length interview since his near-fatal shooting in 1978. Get ready for some surprises as Larry Flynt talks about everything from his former drug addiction to his views on sex and religion.

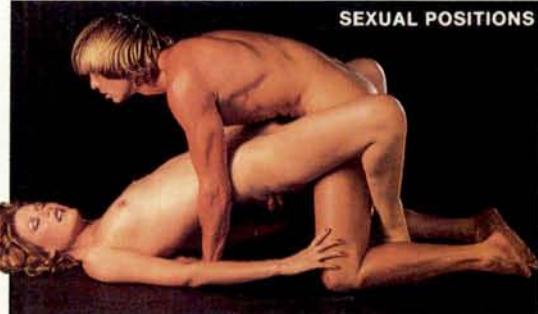
X-RATED SEX—Haven't you always wondered what porn stars are really like in bed? In a super-special exclusive we called on some of adult film's busiest stars to kiss and tell, and give us the "inside" story on who the best lovemakers are.

HERPES CURE!—You've heard a lot about this painful disease that is running rampant through America's bedrooms. But is there relief on the horizon? As promised, HUSTLER reveals a revolutionary new cure for this devastating affliction.

ANNIVERSARY PHOTOS—Our life-size centerfold, ALEXANDRA, will make your blood boil in BABY BLUE. A lesson in lovemaking will be learned as you study our GUIDE TO SEXUAL POSITIONS. Next, crawl BETWEEN THE LINES with LESLIE as she spends her evening wrestling a good book. Then auburn-haired goddess DENISE gives you her insatiable instructions in body language.



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